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Interpreting the Orient*

BY JAMES H. BREASTED

Keystone

JAMES H. BREASTED (*Right*)
With President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, opening the new Oriental Institute.

IN undertaking his monumental universal history, begun in 1880, the great Ranke regarded the origins of human society as no longer recoverable and the ancient civilizations of the Near East as wholly unconnected with the main stream of history. Since Ranke's huge work, however, there have been several important efforts to produce a comprehensive history of civilization beginning with the earliest surviving traces of man. Notable among these have been the great series of Cambridge histories begun by Lord Acton and still unfinished; and a similar series on human evolution (L'Évolution de l'Humanité) by French scholars. These surveys of human development have been cooperative efforts by a group of men each having special knowledge of some particular civilization. Such composite works by individual specialists, while they gain substantially in authoritative character, are seriously lacking in correlation and are not written from a common harmonious point of view. As a result they do not present a coherent survey of the rise of man.

Eduard Meyer, my old friend of many years, used to condemn without mercy the narrowness of specialists and to insist on the inspiring and broadening value of wide and inclusive surveys of human life. It was his belief that no historian could gain adequate breadth of vision without undertaking a sweeping survey of human development everywhere. I recall very vividly, apropos of Hermann Schneider's "The Civilization and Thought of the Ancient Egyptians," his remarks on the kind of limitation and error inevitable in the work of a non-Orientalist approaching a great oriental civilization for the first time and unable to read its original records. Schneider was then and still is a professor of philosophy at Leipzig. It is perhaps not a coincidence that Dr. Durant, himself a philosopher, has likewise been led to undertake an ambitious history of civilization. Although he draws heavily on Schneider and is much influenced by him, Durant is without Schneider's acquaintance with the technique of the process by which such a historical treatise must be produced. Nevertheless Durant is even more ambitious and vastly more detailed than Schneider. For his book is a treatise on "Our Oriental Heritage" containing 1049 pages. This ponderous and detailed work, covering the Far East from the Pekin Man to the Japanese conquest of Manchukuo, and the Near East from the appearance of man down to Alexander the Great, is but the first in a proposed series of five volumes intended to form a comprehensive history of civilization, treating all the important civilizations. A student of history recognizes at once that the elaborate effort to include so much detail has involved the author in disastrous difficulties.

To produce a work of this scope and character is a noble, but at the same time, a very daring ambition. In his effort to gratify this ambition Dr. Durant has my full sympathy. I can hardly believe, however, that his experience was sufficient to make him fully aware of the overwhelming difficulties confronting any historian with the courage to undertake such a colossal task. The possibilities for frequent and disastrous error in detail are infinite, for the enormous bulk of the facts and materials which must be mastered demands penetrating and persistent analysis combined with mature contemplation for long periods of time before conclusions can be reached which will enable the historian to draw successfully a great interpretative picture.

Let us take a few examples, beginning with so simple a matter as the place of the horse in early civilization.

> Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

This admonition from the moral code of the early Hebrews, which some of us older ones learned in Sunday school as one of the "Ten Commandments," makes it pretty clear that, among the early Hebrews, one's neighbor possessed an ox and an ass, but no horse. While the horse had occupied an important place in human life in Western Asia for over a thousand years when this commandment was written, the animal was used solely in warfare and did not become a beast of burden for carrying merchandise until the Christian era, far more than a thousand years after the appearance of this commandment. But in "Our Oriental Heritage" we are told regarding early Egypt that "on land goods were transported by human muscle, later by donkeys, later by horses." It was because the horse served only in the king's chariotry and

(*Continued on next page*)

* *THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION. I. Our Oriental Heritage. By Will Durant. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1935. $5.

Next Week

THE FURYS
By JAMES HANLEY
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

MODERN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION
By HARRY SODERMAN and J. J. O'CONNELL
Reviewed by Courtney Ryley Cooper

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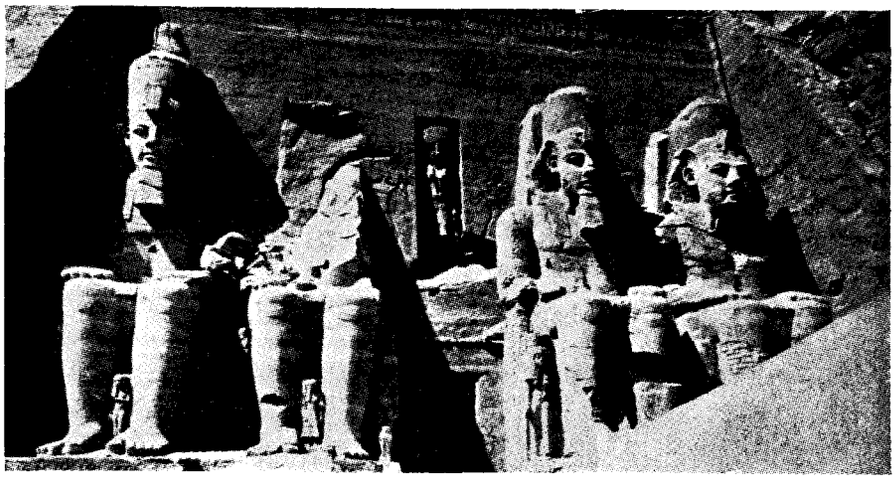

COLOSSI OF RAMSES II, AT THE CAVE TEMPLE OF ABU SIMBEL
Photo by Ewing Galloway, from "Our Oriental Heritage"

cavalry that he was bred and maintained in royal stables. For this reason he was not listed in the Hebrew commandment along with the ox and the ass among an humble neighbor's household animals. Never in the early world was it true that "goods were transported . . . by horses."

A catalogue of the appurtenances of daily material life in the ancient Orient forms a very long list and one with which the investigator does not easily familiarize himself. Textiles and clothing alone are a very extensive subject. Dr. Durant finds "our oldest historical reference to cotton in Herodotus," who mentions "certain wild trees that bear wool." It has been a matter of common knowledge, long ago incorporated in our current histories, that cotton was introduced into Assyria nearly three centuries earlier than the reference to it by Herodotus, as shown by the great Assyrian king Sennacherib's statement: "trees that bear fleeces they sheared and they shredded it for garments." This inscription of Sennacherib was published over twenty-five years ago.

The introduction of metal casting is based by Dr. Durant on Rickard in his "Man and Metals," where he cites as evidence certain paintings in the tomb of "Rekh-mara." Dr. Durant dates this evidence as "toward 2000 B.C.," thus placing an important event like the introduction of metal casting over five hundred years too early, for my old friend Rickard correctly states that this tomb belongs in the reign of Thutmose III, which has long been known to have begun about 1500 B.C.

Reverting again to transportation, we have long known that the width of ancient Egyptian ships was regularly one-third of their length; but the author tells us that "ships a hundred feet long by half a hundred feet wide plied the Nile and the Red Sea," although he later quotes a translation from the original Egyptian tale of Sindebad showing that this adventurer's ship was "180 feet in length and 60 feet in breadth." These two passages are only fifteen pages apart in "Our Oriental Heritage."

We are told by Mr. Durant in the matter of buildings that "by the Twelfth Dynasty the pyramid had ceased to be the fashionable form of sepulture," although all the kings of this dynasty without exception were buried in pyramids. Regarding the front of one of the most famous tombs along the Nile, we are informed that its owner had chosen "the quieter form of a colonnade built into the mountain side." The entire tomb is hewn into rock of the mountain side and contains no built masonry whatever.

These few examples will illustrate how easy it is to go astray even in the simplest matters of material life. In less tangible but more important aspects of human life, misunderstanding and error are much more likely. The errors cited above are clear indications of hurried production, which allowed no time for careful study. Thus in the study of the architecture of the Nile as compared with that of the Tigris and Euphrates we look in vain for such a simple contrast as the fact that the colonnades supporting the roof of an Egyptian building gave the architect an opportunity to treat the *interior void*, whereas the Babylonian architect with his panels, pilasters, and recesses, treated the *exterior of the mass*. In the summary estimate of Egyptian architecture we find simply a series of superficial terms like "grandeur, sublimity, majesty, power." There has been no time to make any penetrating analyses.

The same is true of developing characteristics in the successive stages of human life and government along the Nile. The speed with which the work has had to be done has prevented mature study and ripe conclusions. On the surface this haste is at once betrayed by such inconsistencies as the information in summarizing the life of Ramses II, that at his death he had been "alive for ninety-nine years" whereas on page 214 we find the statement that Ramses II "yielded up his life in 1225 B.C., aged *ninety*." We are therefore not surprised that an historical estimate of Ramses II is summed up in the phrase "one of the most fascinating figures in history." It is more difficult to understand how it was possible to refer to the time "when the Moors marched into it [Egypt], built Cairo (ca. 650 A.D.) with the ruins of Memphis." It may be supposed that we are to read "Arabs" for "Moors," whose home in northwest Africa would have been rather inconveniently remote for an invasion of Egypt.

These are important historical matters. I have not attempted to enumerate the passages in which a wall inscription becomes a roll of papyrus, or a mine in Sinai becomes "a little hamlet in Syria." It is curious, however, that the tomb of an Egyptian noble named Nakht or Nacht, and designated in a German publication as "Grab des Nacht," should be cited by Mr. Durant under one of the illustrations as the "Tomb of Night."

Under these circumstances I have found the writing of this review a very ungracious and unwelcome task; for it is not a little distressing to criticize thus the work of a writer of unusual literary gifts who has, seemingly all unawares, involved himself in such insuperable difficulties. An examination of the sources employed makes it evident that no other result was possible. As far as statements of fact are concerned, the entire treatment is a compilation drawn from the treatises of other men. If these had always been wisely chosen and the author's charming and genial comments had therefore been more successfully documented, his book would have been a safer record of the state of modern knowledge of early man. We find among the author's sources De Morgan, an archeologizing engineer, but quoted as an authority on languages and hieroglyphics! Rickard, an able metallurgical engineer and an excellent authority on technical processes, appears as the source for early oriental dates, all of which Rickard had of course drawn from the Orientalists. All dates taken by Durant from Rickard's book on "Man and Metals" are, of course, employed at *third hand*.

In the same way Baikie, an English clergyman now dead, who was in his time an amiable and entertaining dabbler in archeology, and Weigall, whose writings gradually shifted into the world of fiction, are conscientiously cited among the author's sources. The tragic end of Ikhnaton, the earliest monotheist, as described in Dr. Durant's narrative, is not fiction based on original sources, but fiction based on fiction. It is quite evident that the author has no clear idea how such books are produced. He offers an impor-

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Twelve Good Men and True

THE JURY. By Gerald Bullett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

HERE is a book clever, but more than clever, ingenious, the tale of a murder trial which though it holds its tension taut to the end, revolves less about the mystery attaching to its crime than around the psychological reactions of its characters. Writing of it, the critic must proceed warily less indiscretion betray the surprise Mr. Bullett springs in the last chapter and so destroy the effectiveness of a conclusion as neat as it is unexpected. It is so rarely that an author conceives a situation at once so fresh and plausible as that which brings "The Jury" to a close, or clothes in so much body and substance a theme which the detective story writer has long since rendered trite, that it would be a pity indeed to detract from its force by giving in more than scantiest outline the incidents of the tale.

In brief it is the story of Roderick Strood, his marital relations, and the murder charge on which he is brought to trial because of them. Mr. Bullett opens his book with a portrayal of Roderick's wife philandering before she has realized her husband's defection from her, and advances from that to a succession of brief, unrelated episodes, vignettes of personality and bits of life history which suddenly swing into focus as characterizations of the men and women who compose the jury sitting in trial on Roderick Strood and of the friends who support him in that ordeal. Each of these short narratives, complete in itself, has a life independent of the life of the novel, yet each is a logical part of the pattern of the story.

GERALD BULLETT

All of us who have followed murder trials in the newspapers must have wondered at times what passes in the minds of the juries that try them, what personal experiences color their reactions and condition their judgments.It is here presented with complete plausibility in the conversation and comments of the mixed group which debates the problem of guilt as it is to be drawn from the arguments of lawyers and the charge of the jurist. Mr. Bullett sets forth with humor and subtlety the attitude of his "twelve good men and true" (two of his men are women). He is adroit, convincing, and impressive, holding his material admirably in hand, turning the spotlight now on one person, now on another, never allowing the prisoner to lose the center of the stage and yet reflecting him through the eyes of the jury.

There is sound psychology in this story, and there are sympathy and understanding. A book that holds the attention steadily fascinated by interest of plot and uncertainty of outcome, "The Jury" remains in the memory by virtue of excellent craftsmanship, and by something beyond craftsmanship—originality.

Revising Scripture

SOLOMON, MY SON! By John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

SOLOMON may have been a great and wise king but he was a puzzled young man, and Abishag was the young virgin the doctors had brought to warm old King David who was beyond warming. Pharoah's daughter was one of Solomon's wives, and Solomon's mother was Bathsheba, who bathed upon a housetop and who, Mr. Erskine would have us believe, was not merely careless about the high place in which she chose to bathe. And there was, of course, the Queen of Sheba and a less familiar figure, young red-headed Hiram, son by the left hand of old Hiram, King of Tyre. With such a company Mr. Erskine presents his newest version of the past behind us which, as usual, is so full of the present about us. But clever as are the uses of Mr. Erskine's scholarship, amusing as the book sometimes is, a reader who has followed Mr. Erskine from Troy to Eden to Camelot cannot escape the feeling that beyond authorship he has become something like the manager of a repertoire company whose actors have a variety of costumes but know the lines of only a single play.

Of course, it would be unfair to expect that the familiar Erskine method with men and women and history, in which Solomon's story is written, should be as fresh as it was when he first made whimsey in legend of the grand tale of Troy. And apparently Mr. Erskine realizes that it would be unfair of him to give us nothing more. But he seems uncertain whether to give us the frankly romantic and melodramatic, as in Abishag's solemn and sentimental giving of all for love, or to go in the direction of mockery of our own New Deal in the public works project of building a temple with which Solomon marked his reign. Certainly no other American could have written in more delicate jibe at our current political preoccupations than Mr. Erskine if he had stuck to the line of Benaiah's protest to Solomon that

JOHN ERSKINE

> if ever the temple is finished, it will doubtless be for the glory of God, but first it will disrupt society. The lower class are seduced by this opportunity to work for the state. Shimei never gave his servants what they'll get if Hiram lets them chip away at his cedar logs. Of course Shimei has thought it out—though he loses their aid, yet through extra taxes he will be providing them with double pay.

But such satire is merely a flash in a book which seems written in uncertainty and with less jest than Mr. Erskine has taught us to expect from him.

Perhaps in Solomon and the Shulamite Mr. Erskine has not chosen his subjects as wisely as he might have done. Of course, there was Adam, as precedent, but Menelaus and Launcelot were cloaked with a dignity that it was funny to tear off. But Solomon, about whose wisdom legend has grown, has also been made the figure for ludicrous legend before. There are no thousand wives in Mr. Erskine's tale. Perhaps being cruder in spirit than Mr. Erskine I missed them.

Nevertheless I still cling in preference to that pre-Erskine version about King David and King Solomon and their youth and "their many, many wives." But when —you remember—their age came on with its "many, many qualms"—

> King Solomon wrote the proverbs,
> And King David wrote the psalms.

Jonathan Daniels is the author of "Clash of Angels," a satirical novel drawn from Biblical sources.

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Mr. Hatcher on American Fiction

CREATING THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL. By Harlan Hatcher. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. HATCHER tells us that "very little American fiction of the last century has any life left in it," that "by the end of the third decade of this century, the American novel had emerged as a body of serious literature," and that his book intends to "show how the American novel was lifted from its lowly place in the nation of a generation ago into a respected position in the literature of the modern world." The contemporary novel certainly deserves a discriminating study, but Mr. Hatcher has not written it. His book has the air of having been delivered as a series of lectures before the Thanatopsis Club of Main Street.

In the first place, his style has all the distressing inaccuracy of the popular literary lecturer. For example, a generation ago the American novel was being illuminated by the fine theorizing of Howells and James, not to mention many lesser men; it was everywhere being discussed as a serious contribution to American letters; and its position was probably more "respected," whatever that may mean, than it is today. It is not, however, in misapprehension of historic truth alone that Mr. Hatcher errs. His sentences have all the fuzzy indefiniteness of bad writing. "She came," he writes, "from an easier background than many of our realists." "Ben Hecht was a very self-conscious young cynic, bred by the dehumanized life that passed through Chicago's streets across the desks of a metropolitan newspaper." "She has comforted the hearts of millions who revered her because she had written a realism which could be read in schools and women's clubs where Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson would have caused a panic." These are representative sentences selected almost at random. When freshmen write this way, their instructors require them to reconstruct their sentences.

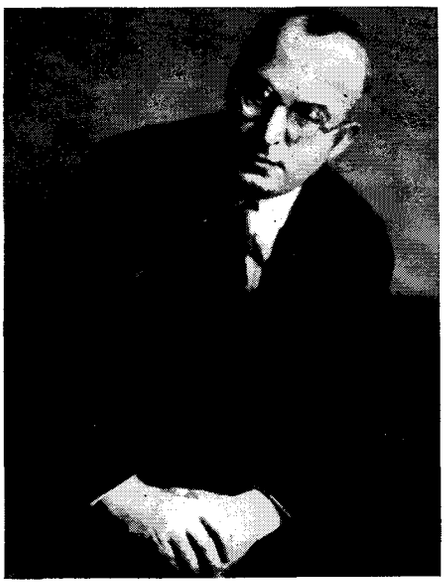
HARLAN HATCHER

In the next place, Mr. Hatcher tells us that "the invigorating tonic of the realistic movement" (which with characteristic inaccuracy is "*applied* to the American scene") is the central force in the creation of the modern fictional movement. But he nowhere tells us what he means by realism; and when we find that Theodore Dreiser (who "never *wrote* a caricature"!), Sherwood Anderson, Ellen Glasgow, Josephine Johnson, John Dos Passos, and Willa Cather are all "realists," that James Branch Cabell "is by all odds the most important and most distinguished of American novelists in a realistic age deliberately to cultivate romance," that "poetic realism continues to attract young American writers," that William Faulkner's work is characterized by "the realism of exposure," the suspicion will not down that Mr. Hatcher does not know what he means by realism, or if he does, that he has failed to inform the reader.

And in the third place, Mr. Hatcher's book is absolutely lacking in critical standards. He tells us that "the greatest accomplishments yet made by an American in the psychological novel are those of Conrad Aiken," Henry James being dismissed in a paragraph; that "Upton Sinclair . . . is in a class by himself, only a little below Sinclair Lewis in literary art," that Waldo Frank and Sherwood Anderson had "the honor of pioneering [*sic*] a new type of American fiction," that the technique of "This Side of Paradise" is "ultra-modern . . . utilizing the impressionistic style then in its first flower through the success" of James Joyce, that Willa Cather is "the most talented of our escapists" (this is on p. 71; on pp. 191-201 this doubtful honor seems to be claimed for the "keen and graceful mind" of James Branch Cabell), that "An American Tragedy" is "by any standard . . . the greatest and most powerful novel yet written by any American," etc., etc. Perhaps as characteristic a judgment as any other is this: ". . . Howells has a high place of honor in the creation of the American novel, for better or for worse [pray, what does this mean?], and it is a part of his memorial [*sic*] that he properly praised Stephen Crane when all others cried the boy down and said nasty things about his forthright books."

Mr. Hatcher has tried to say something about almost every novelist of any importance who has written in the last forty years. It is, I suppose, inevitable that his book should be shallow.

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English in the University of Michigan.



ARNOLD ZWEIG

People Are People

PLAYTHINGS OF TIME. By Arnold Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL NOCK

SOME of the short stories in this collection were written a number of years ago; some are of quite recent date. All, however, deal with the affairs of those whom the Germans call "little people" — ordinary small shopkeepers, workmen, poor people endeavoring somehow or other to get along, in war time or in the years after the war.

Although several of the stories lack what we are accustomed to seek in short stories, plot, all of them show the reaction of character to circumstance; and the circumstance is almost invariably in one way or another a result of the upheaval of values and opportunities brought about by war. Some of the stories are amusing, others are tragic; but throughout runs a vein of implied comment on the utter folly of war and what war does to those who might well go on about their little businesses, leading their little lives in contentment and happiness.

Nor is veiled comment on present-day conditions in Germany lacking. The situation of the Jews is touched upon, but only to the extent of suggesting that Jews are very much like people who are not Jews. In fact, Zweig lets a number of his characters perceive that people are very much people after all, whether in Germany or elsewhere.

The stories, however, do not preach: they are simply stories of the little adventures of unexciting people which are, thanks to the narrative talent of the author, interesting despite their cosmic unimportance.

Samuel Nock returned to America last Fall from a residence of several years in Germany.

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Courtier and Poet

AT THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. THE LIFE AND LYRICS OF SIR EDWARD DYER. By Ralph M. Sargent. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

EDWARD DYER was one of the lesser ornaments of Elizabeth's reign. Courtier, diplomat, poet, he had neither the ebullience of Raleigh nor the capacity of Sidney, but he was Sidney's friend, the companion of poets, and, at various times, a minor favorite of Elizabeth. His name has always been familiar and his character respected, but it is somewhat difficult to discover upon what achievements his reputation was built.

He was sent on several diplomatic errands of no great importance, and these he accomplished satisfactorily. His exploits, however, were not physical. They were confined to the sphere of alchemical experiment, in which his faith was even more unfailing than was that of Elizabeth and Burghley. The most romantic episode of his life was his highly dangerous association with the notorious Edward Kelley, whom, as the self-acknowledged transmutor of base metals into gold, he tried to lure away from the Emperor's court at Prague for the enrichment of England. At this time Burghley naively hoped that Kelley's ministrations might cover the cost of the defences against the Armada. Dyer returned unscathed to London, but it was not Kelley's gold that repelled the Spanish ships. Officially, he received from Elizabeth only one tangible recognition for his many years of unflagging courtliness; in 1596 he was made Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, a post that brought with it considerably more honor than power or financial profit. When he died in 1607 the extensive Somerset lands, which he had inherited from his father, were barely sufficient to pay his debts.

To the majority of his contemporaries he was mainly a courtier and a gentleman. Poets and critics knew and admired in him also a refined poetic talent. Gabriel Harvey maintained that his "written devises farr excell most of the sonets, and cantos in print," Puttenham praised him "for elegie moste sweete, solempne and of high conceit." He was, however, too much the gentleman ever to have gathered into a volume his poetic compositions; they survive only in manuscript and in the miscellanies of the period. Some are certainly lost; others, if they still exist, are perhaps attributed to other men. But when his courtliness, his diplomacy, even his alchemy, were forgotten, his name still bore with it the true ring of the poet, and to hundreds of readers, especially after the frequent reprintings of Palgrave, he is known as the author of at least one great lyric, "My mind to me a kingdom is."

The court of Elizabeth is perhaps too frequently gauged through its giants. It could not, of course, have been entirely compound of Raleighs, Sidneys, Cecils, and Devereuxs. To see it afresh in its relations to a man of lesser stature like Dyer is both salutary and instructive. Mr. Sargent has done a commendable service to history and to letters in bringing together probably all that can ever be known about a man who was genuinely typical of his age without himself being great. Thorough scholarship, a humane understanding of the small man's difficulties, and a sense of dignity that prevents the specialist's enthusiasm for his subject from warping his judgments, all help to give to Mr. Sargent's book a quiet but distinctive importance. Moreover, it contains an authoritative text of all those poems which can unquestionably be attributed to Dyer.

Charles David Abbott is librarian of Buffalo University.

QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING DRAKE ON THE *GOLDEN HIND* (1581)
From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert

A Russian Childhood during the Revolution

THE LAND OF SHVAMBRANIA. By Leo Kassil. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by VARVARA N. YAKOUNCHIKOFF

IN spite of its fantastic title, this is a novel about real life and real people. The author tells the story of his childhood in a small, out of the way town in Russia. But his purpose is not autobiography. The five or six years during which the story takes place are the most eventful in modern Russian history. The World War and the Revolution immediately following completely changed the physiognomy of the country not only politically and economically, but also psychologically. These most complicated and intricate psychological processes are what the author undertakes to describe.

By superimposing the states of mind in different social groups during the war and the "Kerensky Revolution," he succeeds in giving a fairly good idea of class contradictions at that particular time. When finally the Bolshevist Revolution comes, it is clear where and why the differentiation between reactionary and sympathetic elements takes place.

But it is not so much the class angle which interests the author. Rather, it is the psychological leap and sudden change of perspective in the minds of selfish, unconcerned residents of a provincial town who are transformed by the Revolution into people with an almost superhuman strength and courage that carries them through the years of horror, starvation, and death with an invincible faith in a new and better life. The revolutionary characters, like the commissar Chubarkov and Stepka Gavria, under other circumstances would have been ordinary people, but the sweeping force of the Revolution impels them into heroic action. For the reader who wishes to know "more" about Russia, this book can be helpful, particularly for its delving into the psychology of the tremendous, pushing force which sustained the Russians during the Civil War and which still persists though in a different form.

If the "Land of Shvambrania" cannot be classified as a great novel, it is certainly among the best in Soviet literature. The simple and unaffected manner of the writer, the humorous style, and the clarity of structure make this book easy and decidedly interesting reading.

As far as the translation is concerned, it is for the most part satisfactory, particularly considering the difficulties the translators encountered in the idiomatic and local vernacular.

Varvara N. Yakounchikoff, a sister-in-law of the late Arthur Ruhl, is a musician who got her training in Soviet Russia and came to the United States two years ago.

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Exit of a Humorist

THE writer of this editorial never knew Oliver Herford very well, though he first met him years ago in the offices of the old *Century Magazine*, and at one time inhabited the same storied old apartment house in which Mr. Herford lived and died, 142 East 18th Street. That is a truly famous house. Among its tenants the drama is represented by Clayton Hamilton, the publishing business by Eugene F. Saxton, and the highest flights of poetry and fantasy were the property of one of its erstwhile lessees, Elinor Wylie. It is next to the Huyler factory and near to Gramercy Park and the Players Club. That made it a particularly advantageous spot for Oliver, who was the prime wit of the Players, and is sure now to haunt the purlieus of that fine old club as the most charming of ghosts; a ghost who will doubtless continue to make shrewd and amusing remarks about the other club members. One feels sad that Oliver is gone, and yet one is not at all sure that he *is* gone. There was ever something rather unreal about him, to the casual acquaintance; something a little too good to be true, as though he had stepped out of one of his own drawings. He was always a little dim as a human being, dim with a sparkle. As though it were yesterday, I can see him standing by my desk in the gloomy old Century office rummaging in his pockets for little bits of paper. He had a new packet of drawings for "Frank"—who was Frank Crowninshield—but he had temporarily mislaid the verses that usually accompanied his drawings. Oh yes! Here they were. "Here it is, here it is, see what you think of it," in a rather dormousy or Alice-in-Wonderlandish voice. Probably it turned out to be a limerick about how an ounce (the animal) was put into a pound (like a dog pound). The accompanying picture was, of course, inimitable. And how beautifully Oliver drew! His style was God-given. He lifted the Persian kitten into eternity, and was, without effort, one of the truest geniuses of our time. I say this advisedly; for a genius is a person who causes something to exist whereat you wonder how it was ever possible that it had not existed before. Had Oliver Herford's fascinating young ladies not emerged from his pen it would have been necessary to create them.

I think he drew the most altogether charming young ladies, as I *know* that he drew the most beguiling animals, of any illustrator of our time. I only disagreed with him once, when in his "Pen and Inklings" column in *Harper's Weekly* he took a fall out of Vachel Lindsay for Vachel's own extraordinary drawings. A genius himself, of sharp individuality, it seemed strange to me that he could not recognize the different but authentic genius of Lindsay.

Mr. Gilbert of the *World-Telegram* has spoken of the Oliver Herford of recent years as "a superannuated Puck," a sterling phrase. And yet I refuse to believe that any drift of years could superannuate Oliver, just as I entirely refuse to believe that Oliver is now non-existent. He is merely, it may be, putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. To those who loved him and knew him intimately this may seem too flippant a way to speak, and yet it seems to me the truest tribute to the man I was once privileged only to meet, to speak of him in Carrollian or Edward Learian terms—not to say Shakespearian, as above! *He* now knows whether or not the Snark is a Boojum.

Certainly no artist was ever more impressed by the unexpectedness of this world or saw it better in its proper perspective. And back of his whimsical flights was an enviable sense of the fitness of things. When Oliver wrote of an elf, a dormouse, and a toadstool he could do so without treacle, he could do it also with wholly admirable onomatopoetic effect: "Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two." When he encountered the shoddy buncombe and vulgar snobbery of the big-towners he could write "The Women of the Better Class," and simply wipe the purse-proud idiots off the face of the earth:

> Ermined and minked and Persian-lambed,
> Be-puffed (be-painted, too, alas!)
> Be-decked, be-diamonded—be-damned!
> The Women of the Better Class.

That remains the most spirited and best defense of the real Bohemia, (aside from the fake one, which no one could detect more quickly than Mr. Herford) the land where values are real, where life is creative, and where no one is parasitic.

Oliver of the Artful Antics I loved from a child. Oliver the playwright I never knew. But if ever an artist richly deserved every reward that came his way it was this old-world gentleman beautiful and dim. He is one of two Englishmen who have brought honor to American illustration. The other is Reginald Birch. Both had perfect names and utterly characteristic styles.

This straying eulogium should, as it is on the editorial page, make some telling point concerning the literary life. But Oliver lived a double one. He penned what he pictured and pictured what he penned. One cannot recall his best verses without seeing in the mind's eye the accompanying illustrations. One cannot divorce the pictures from the text. Therefore this particular artist was the favorite of fortune and the exception to most rules. The truest thing to say is that genius, of any kind, is always precisely that. That is why, sometimes, the dull wit of the world passes it by for the more accustomed thing. But Oliver was not passed by, because he was an entertainer.

What more natural than that he was akin to the folk of the stage. His wife, who had come from London with Cissie Loftus, first met him at the home of E. H. Sothern. It is a noble profession, that of entertainer, in any one of its various manifestations. Oliver was properly of the Club founded by Edwin Booth.

And so what editorial moral may be drawn? Well, perhaps this—that though Herford belongs, for his table-talk, among the best wits of all the ages, there was no real malice in him. There was simply and always delight. It was an intensely funny world with intensely funny people in it. And for the most part it was nonsensically innocent. And every now and again the Ithuriel spear of the world's beauty transfixed the poetic breast. There are plenty today to show us the sewers, the gutters, the refuse-heaps. There are few like Herford to lighten the heart and charm the brain. Ah, my masters—how ancient and honorable a profession it is to be a droll!

W. R. B.

Ten Years Ago

In the corresponding issue of 1925, The Saturday Review recommended "Barren Ground," by Ellen Glasgow. Archibald Henderson wrote: "*When I encounter reviews of 'Barren Ground' entitled 'Realism Crosses the Potomac' or some such nonsense, I am staggered anew* with the fortuity of fame . . . Realism crossed the Potomac twenty-five *years ago, when Miss Glasgow wrote 'The Voice of the People.'*" Mr. Henderson found "Barren Ground" a "*superb study of the evolution of an individual, the growth of character under the grinding stress of individual folly and economic pressure . . . a great novel*" . . . . Ellen Glasgow's latest novel, "Vein of Iron," will be published in August.

Today

The Saturday Review Recommends these new books:

THE JURY. By Gerald Bullett. See review on page 5.

THE LAND OF SVAMBRANIA. By Leo Kassil. See review on page 7.

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Letters to the Editor: *At Home with the Hollenbecks*

Rural Book News

SIR:—It has been with interest that I have read Mr. Alan Devoe's letter on the lack of knowledge of current literature in the rural communities.

I have lived half of my life in a small country village in Vermont and have spent the last ten years as a member of the state library extension agency of one of our largest agricultural states. So I have long been aware of this situation and have wondered what can be done about it.

In spite of all a state library extension agency can afford to do to advertise its wares, it seems to be impossible to reach people like "Grandpa Hollenbeck." I have sometimes thought that one of the news syndicating companies ought to be able to sell mats containing literary news and gossip, book reviews, and the like to country newspapers as they sell those for household hints, fashions, etc. Especially, if these notes and reviews were written by someone familiar with the psychology of rural people and aware of their much more conventional attitude toward certain moralities.

The library book truck in many states is doing a great deal to bring books to the doors of these people. The county library system, with its depository station in the village stores and school houses, is helping also.

Librarians have long been aware of this situation but limited funds have prevented them from doing what they know should be done. We hope that the publishers will realize the possibility of this field and in some way stimulate the people in rural communities to demand library service, and thus force state dispensing agencies to help finance it.

GILBERT H. DOANE,
Librarian.

University of Nebraska,
Lincoln, Neb.

Reading in Ruralia

SIR:—As an ex-librarian who now lives on a farm in Ruralia, I was much interested in Mr. Alan Devoe's letter in the June 15th issue of the SRL. . . . I make my home with the "Hollenbecks," to adopt Mr. Devoe's type-name, and every winter evening I sit by a kerosene lamp in our kitchen and read aloud to this family; and the books we read are the worth while products of our own contemporaries. Last year we had "I, Claudius," "Drums," Wells's "Experiment in Autobiography," half a dozen others which I cannot now recall, several volumes of short stories, and the articles and stories in *Harpers* and the *SRL*. And my Hollenbecks are less educated than Mr. Devoe's for, though one of them is a Normal School graduate, the other two were not even lucky enough to finish grammar school. Novels by the ultra-moderns would not be a success in Ruralia. The Hollenbecks enjoy and appreciate Boyd's "Roll River" but damn Wolfe's "Of Time and the River" (and I agree with them!); but they savor with pleasure the sophistication that comes in smaller doses in short stories.

"SHE DATES FROM THE SCOTT FITZGERALD ERA."

What has become of the pestiferous book agent? Why does he not bury his Bibles and "Pilgrim's Progresses" and, putting the solid worth of the moderns in his rumble seat, drive forth into the mountains and valleys of the farming country? . . . The farmer's dog may bark at night but he rarely bites. Don't be cowards, for to the brave goes the battle of life.

DAWES MARKWELL.

New Albany, Pa.

It, Racket, Flapper

SIR:—Mr. Morley cites Mark Twain's use of *take it*, and Mr. Fitzroy's letter adduces Pepys's *not so hot*. In the same connection, I venture to remind you of the following:

" 'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk necessarily. It's just It. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they walk down a street."—"Mrs. Bathurst," Rudyard Kipling.

"I tell you, this racket of Mr. Atwater's takes the cake."—"The Ebb-Tide," R. L. Stevenson.

"You know by experience that I grudge no expense in your education, but I will positively not keep you a Flapper."—"Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," XLIII.

J. BRYAN, III.

New York City.

All But Him

SIR:—I happened upon Mr. Morley's reference to Casabianca today while looking through the recent issues of the *Saturday Review*, and am a little perturbed at the intimation that I have been rewriting Mrs. Hemans.

If you will look up the history of the poem, you will find that in its first appearance in book form ("The League of the Alps . . . and Other Poems." Boston, 1826), the second line read:

Whence all but him had fled.

She presented a copy of this book to the Bishop of St. Asaph's in which, with her own hand, she changed "him" to "he," and she seems to have had many painful hesitations thereafter between the two words, but since "him" is not only the first reading, but also the grammatical one, I followed it both in "The Home Book of Verse" and "The Home Book of Quotations."

I assure you that I have never knowingly altered any author's words—though sometimes sorely tempted!

BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

Mademoiselle from Armentières

SIR:—Can any of your readers help me in my search for authentic war-time verses of a song known variously as "Mademoiselle from Armentières" and "Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous"? This was sung by both British and American forces.

I have been engaged for over five years in collecting its stanzas, which were in serious danger of being lost, because apparently no one else has felt that they were worthy of preservation. These are being incorporated in a privately issued book for the edification of ex-service men only. Any authentic contributions will be most gratefully received.

If you could find space to print the above appeal, it would be very much appreciated.

M. B. CARY, JR.

228 E. 45th St.,
New York City.

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Footnotes to Romans à Clef

BY EARLE WALBRIDGE

This is the second of a series of articles offering a key to the characters of some well-known novels.

Douglas, Norman. *South Wind.*

"Those who have met Veltheim in the flesh will find it, I think, a fairly good likeness, except that in my book he gets his deserts a little sooner and even more thoroughly than in real life."—Norman Douglas, "Looking Back; an Autobiographical Excursion." The character to whom Douglas refers is Muhlen *alias* Retlow, who is drawn from Baron Franz von Veltheim.

Duke, Winifred. *Skin for Skin.*

Based on the William Henry Wallace case. He was accused of brutally murdering his wife. "The Perfect Murder," pp. 43-89 of "Six Trials."

Faulkner, William. *Mosquitoes.*

Contains a character obviously intended for Sherwood Anderson.

Ferber, Edna. *They Brought Their Women.*

"Like most very successful actresses, Miss Fayne was not beautiful. That is, she possessed few of the attributes which the adolescent taste of America usually demands of its beauties. She had a broad, free brow, eyes set well apart and slightly protuberant, high cheek bones, and a wide, scarlet mouth like a venomous flower. The effect of all this was arresting —even startling. So her great following, baffled by this mask which gave the effect of beauty without actually being beautiful, fell back on the trite word, glamorous, and clung to it." This sounds very like Katharine Cornell, and the actress in this short story, "Glamour," appeared in a play based on the life of George Eliot, as Miss Cornell has appeared as Elizabeth Barrett. But the parallel stops there. And one must remember, as Nunnally Johnson once remarked, that Miss Ferber apparently has used everybody for fictional purposes except Senator Smoot.

Hecht, Ben. *A Jew in Love.*

Based on the life of a former New York publisher, this novel is also the basis of Noel Coward's first picture, "The Scoundrel."

Housman, Laurence. *The Life of H.R.H. the Duke of Flamborough, by Benjamin Bunny; a Footnote to History.*

"A thinly disguised satirical life of the late Duke of Cambridge, who, if Queen Victoria had chanced to die in infancy or girlhood, would have become King of England, and who, having missed that fate, held the post of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army for about forty years."—*New Statesman.*

—*Les Incivilisés.*

Who wrote this I don't know. It is mentioned in Norman Douglas's "Looking Back" as containing satirical portraits of Muriel Draper and himself.

Jesse, F. Tennyson. *A Pin to See the Peepshow.*

Julia Starling is drawn from Edith Thompson (a decidedly sympathetic portrait) and Leonard Carr from Frederick Bywaters.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila. *The End of the House of Alard.*

Stella Alard is a portrait of Viola Meynell, daughter and biographer of Alice Meynell.

Lawrence, David Herbert. *Aaron's Rod.*

Douglas likewise gives an amusing account of the savage portraits in this novel of an old couple whose only offense was that they were rich and had entertained Lawrence at their house.

—*Women in Love.*

"Private as well as professional barriers were set up by the as yet unprinted novel. By February, 1917, it had turned the author's most powerful and enthusiastic patroness—Lady Ottoline Morrell—into a fury against him. Taking the character of Hermione as a picture of herself she felt outraged. Poor Pinker, who by this time must have wished he had never heard of 'Women in Love,' was invited to Garsington Manor just that he might see how unlike the lady of the Manor was to the lady in the book. But Pinker sagaciously stayed at home."—Catherine Carswell, "The Savage Pilgrimage; a Narrative of D. H. Lawrence."

Lever, Charles. *Barrington.*

Barrington's son George is Lever's own son.

—*Davenport Dunn.*

"Dunn is John Sadlier, Junior Lord of the Treasury, who was the associate of Judge Keogh in 'The Pope's Brass Band' (so-called) and closed an extraordinary career by committing suicide on Hampstead Heath."—Brown, "Ireland in Fiction."

—*Roland Cashel.*

The Dean of Drumcondra is drawn from Archbishop Whately.

Lewis, Wyndham. *Apes of God.*

"Contains some of the best social satire of modern times and reveals an intellect like a razor blade, but its portraits of living people are often devastatingly cruel, and so far as its treatment of its human subject matter is concerned, it becomes a weariness of the flesh through being one long sneer."—Arthur Wellings, "Putting People Into Books," in the English *Bookman,* June 1932.

Lloyd, Charles. *Edmund Oliver.*

"The story is supposed to adumbrate a passage of Coleridge's early life."—Legouis, "William Wordsworth and Anette Vallon." I am indebted for this title, and for many other friendly suggestions, to Marshall Best of the Viking Press.

Lowndes, Marie Belloc. *Duchess Laura.*

"As a matter of fact, one of the peeresses who served as unconscious models for Duchess Laura was the author's own daughter, the Countess of Iddesleigh."—May Lamberton Becker.

Horse Swapping on Troublesome Creek

By JAMES STILL

SPLINTERY as legs of Spring foals the willows bend
Over Troublesome's sudden banks hemming drifts of sand
Against slow thin water, against the mare's stiff heels
Wheeling in the dry creek bed with casual step;
And the sun-pierced shade of willows settles unsteadily
Among the throng of stallions champing their bits
And straining new leather with arrogant heads.

High in their polished saddles the traders ride
With stinging lash and blunt spur deep against the side
Of goaded pony, of anxious filly swinging heavily,
Of spavined mare plucking heels with sharp precision
From bedding sand. Combed, curried and clipped
Their smooth breasts glisten and long muscular necks
Rise clean and springy into tight bridles.
The traders measure with keen practised glance
The height from withers to croup, feel trembling flesh,
Rub hard careless hands over quivering muscles
And peer coldly into moist sad eyes.
Only the foals toss unbound heads
With flash of hock and unsheared flowing manes,
Flexing clumsy legs in short unhindered quests
Down the aisles of sand to the hill's uplifted girth.
An untamed heart is swift upon the earth.

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Traveling Authors and other Traffic in Words

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli

The cameraman gets three shots at Richard Aldington, en route from Trinidad to New England . . .

. . . where the author of "Death of a Hero," "All Men Are Enemies," etc., is at work on a new novel.

(Above) Thomas Mann, back in New York at a publisher's tea, after receiving an honorary degree at Harvard . . . (Below) Audrey Wurdemann, Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry, with her husband, Joseph Auslander. A novel by Miss Wurdemann has been announced for publication next year.

(Above) Sir William A. Craigie, joint editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, at the SRL offices . . (Left) Doubleday's Mr. Finneran shows an original, $20,000 "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" to Miss Riley, Brentano's buyer, and Arthur Brentano.

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How Primitive Society Works

LAW AND ORDER IN POLYNESIA. By H. Ian Hogbin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARGARET MEAD

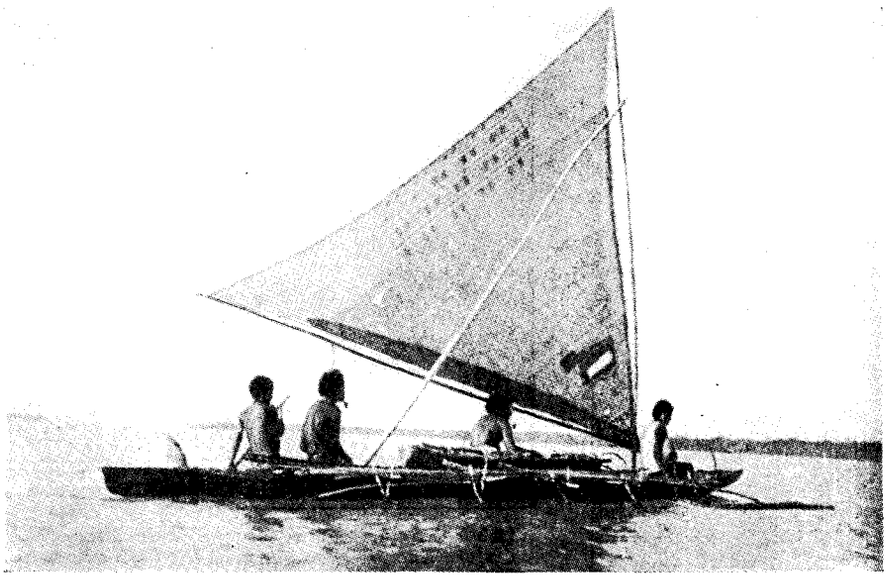
THE kernel of this book contains the most vivid and valuable description which has yet been published of how the coöperative mechanism of a simple society works. The reader, in order to enjoy the kernel, will find it necessary to disregard the shell, a brief theoretical introduction which does not adequately prepare one to expect the wealth of acute detail which is to come later, and the concluding chapters in which a few statements about Polynesian Islands other than Ontong Java are half-heartedly assembled. These can be omitted without doing violence to the virtues of the study.

There remains Dr. Hogbin's study, which he made while still an undergraduate, of the functioning of life on the South Sea island of Ontong Java. He tells us, not only that the people coöperate, but how they coöperate, in this island society, where the joint family in which the men own and operate the fishing gear and the women own and manage the house, is the unit of social life. He tells us what happens to the lazy man, what his wife said to him when he didn't bring home any fish, how his fishing partners treated him. He describes what happens when the head of one of the large joint families dies, the play of personalities in the struggle for the succession, the way in which all but the two contestants will stand aside to see who will win. He relates not only the inception of a quarrel but its outcome, and searches out where a man may go when he is driven out of his home.

This concrete answer to the questions of "But how does it work?" is presented with enough, and not too much, detail about native custom, about clothing and dancing, love ritual and religious ceremony. There is just enough of such description to make the reader see the people whom Dr. Hogbin describes, and occasionally almost to smell the great taro puddings, many feet in girth which are presented at feasts. For the general reader these details will give the book an especial charm, but the student of social forms, and especially the student of law will find enough to rejoice his heart, in having such well documented cases presented to him, in place of the vaguer generalizations of so many earlier students of primitive society.

One of the most striking results of Dr. Hogbin's findings in Ontong Java he has not emphasized sufficiently. The Ontong Javanese are a simple Polynesian people without the elaborate paraphernalia of rank and status characteristic of most Polynesian peoples. They present the picture which would be found in other islands if the chiefs were all killed and the commoners, untutored in formal lore, were left to run the society. And yet, lacking all of the intermediate steps of ranks and precedence upon the basis of which it is so easy to understand the institution of a kingship, the Ontong Javanese, about eight generations ago, according to Dr. Hogbin, invented the idea of a kingship and maintained the institution thereafter. The conception that certain cultural forms contain within them potential institutions which will recur time and time again, in different localities, each one independently of the other, is one of the most fruitful conceptions of modern social anthropology. Dr. Hogbin's description of the Ontong Javanese development of the kingship is perhaps the most striking illustration of this principle which has yet been found.

Margaret Mead is assistant curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History.



A CANOE IN THE LAGOON AT ONTONG JAVA
From "Law and Order in Polynesia"

JOHN DE MEYER

Seamy Side of Maine

BAILEY'S DAUGHTERS. By John de Meyer. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE novel under examination is of the sub-machine-gun type, save that intermittently with its hard-boiledness it becomes sentimental in a fashion that lays it open to parody. "Pop," the old fisherman, and father of the two Bailey daughters—at least, father of one of them and stepfather of the other—rather wears on the nerves with his ruminant philosophizing. Meanwhile son-in-law and stepdaughter indulge in a little mayhem (being creatures of impulse) and there is a certain amount of rape.

The household of a Maine fisherman is distinctly not as the summer visitors see it. Which is probably true. "Butch," the principal male character of the story—hardly, in any sense the hero—is a far-wanderer whose chief trouble is women. As for violent deaths, there are two, under sufficiently exciting circumstances. The style of writing is laconic and blunt. Mr. Hemingway fished that murex up. The story is as readable as a well-written newspaper account of local tragedy. Yet somehow, though I grant a certain forcefulness to Mr. DeMeyer, I find his characters pretty much shadows. Maybe this is merely because they are so limited in intellect that a little reading about them goes a long way. Such folk are in the fashion today as fictional material. Yet when you set up a recent hard-boiled novel like "The Postman Always Rings Twice" for comparison—and I think the comparison is fair—the "Postman" seems by far the better book.

To me there is no particular Maine atmosphere in "Bailey's Daughters." But the author has a sense of drama and a gift for condensation. His dialogue, for the most part, is real enough. Of its kind (not a very distinguished kind) this is only a fairly good book. That's its rating, at least, with one reviewer.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Mandarin on the Road

Editor's Note: *The Bowling Green is pleased to translate excerpts—carefully chosen—from a letter of the Old Mandarin to one of his cronies in China. We have had to abbreviate: Oriental philosophers like to expound their thoughts in full, with many divarications.*

The "Idlers of the Bamboo Grove" (sometimes translated "Tipplers") are the direct descendants of the group of poets founded by Li Po 1200 *years ago. It is the oldest literary club in the world. See Herbert Giles's fascinating* History of Chinese Literature *(Appleton), p.* 152.

EXCELLENCY, *Thinker of Long Thoughts!*—I shall not return to China this summer. This Hegemony of Haste, passing (on the whole, with enviable tranquillity) through deep social change, is too interesting. Particularly at this season, when the Sons of Speed are on the road in swarms, the time is valuable for observation. Even after all these years there is much I do not understand, and probably misinterpret. But I tell you plainly what I see. You say that when the Idlers of the Bamboo Grove retire to the pagoda for wine and contemplation they read aloud my letters. Salute them from the ancient expatriate who has learned from these delightful "folks" (their name of affection for themselves) to exonerate himself from the burden of thought. (Yet there are sad symptoms that this most persistent of human maladies may eventually infect the Americans also.) . . . Give my love to the comeliest of the serving maids. I am not sure of her name—I think it was Po Lil Chile—but I remember her pretty ankles.

A few notes on a trip, by gasoline-litter (motor palanquin) in the great province of New York. . . . Many signposts along the way commemorate events in the history of this nation; particularly where something happened to the detriment of the British or Red Indians, whom these people seem to have disliked with equal fervor. I should have been pleased to pause and study some of these notices, feeling they were certain to arouse conjecture; but they usually come where the palanquin is travelling 40 and another vehicle just behind is impatient to pass. Besides, as my host casually remarked (on a steep slope of the Mountains that Kill Cats) his brakes were loose and it was difficult to stop. Sufflamination, I said, is not an American specialty; to which he made no answer. So our halts were only at replenishing stations, which my friend chooses by some occult principle, based on plumbing and the necessities of his family. . . . Consideration for the female is a fundamental doctrine in this country; undoubtedly for that reason the British and Red Indians fared so badly here.

. . . . From the Island of Length we crossed into the Island of Height by the upper roadway of the Bridge of Queens, and saw the magnificent sweep of their extraordinary buildings. One of the finest of these is a huge hospital (the design of which, I am told, was suggested by the Palace of the Popes at Avignon) where the patients have a salutary view of the hastening vehicles over the bridge; thus those already injured in traffic are encouraged by watching those who are about to be. At a pause in a crowded street a peddler urged us to buy a toy called "Joe Penner's Duck." This, I vaguely gathered, was an instance of the native passion for catchwords, fetiches and jocose effigies which are suddenly popularized by voices in air or print and flood the country in recurring spasms. Another example would be the frequency of legend about a well-formed actress, Miss West, who has become their mythical Venus Callipyge or Venus Genetrix. It would be difficult to imagine in a civilization of more age and lassitude, such delightful enthusiasm aroused by familiar mammalian fact. Perhaps it shows how deeply (even if subconsciously) the American male resented the epicene tendency of his women a few years ago. Or perhaps it shows a return (after the Era of Fiscal Effusion) to the simpler pleasures; as they used to say in Chicago during the Great Deficit, Wine, Women and Song turned to Beer, Momma, and the Radio. Or perhaps (most likely of all) it shows nothing except that the enjoyment of stupid old men (like Keyserling, Spengler, Pareto, and myself) is attempting to account for things. Some of the folklore about Miss West is difficult for the foreigner to understand: for instance the riddle about the Province of Montana. . . .

Going up the Drive Beside the River that bright Monday morning I noticed two unexpected things. One, a neat little horse-drawn green wagon trotting uptown. *Spick & Span Laundry*, it said. If my dividends continue to fail I shall probably have to take to the laundry business myself (surely there is no occupation more genuinely serviceable) so I was interested. Messrs. Spick and Span, I assume, are two alert Jewish fellows: I have seen in the Book of Telephones (the best reference work on sociology) that they also own a dairy, a window-cleaning business, and a hosiery. Other memorable glimpse was an old ship of sails, *Tusitala*, still at her long mooring on that barren shore. When salty tide sweeps up the Henry Hudson River it must itch at her keel. She lies there, under the high cliffs of apartment houses, like a poem that got stranded in an anthology of prose.

Across the Bridge of George Washington we were now out and away, in the clear. Young men beside the road embarrassed me by a fixed glance and gestures of the thumb seeming derogatory; but these (my host explained) intend no disdain; on the contrary they are Desideratators of Hitch. Disregard them, said my friend: the litter is full; besides, the driver's responsible for any injury to a non-paying guest. (Which I also was, I reflected.)

It was the first of the month of Julius, the beginning of the great holiday season, and most vehicles were loaded with camping and æstivating gear; some families were packed into bright-colored tax-palanquins which sped along as though demented by escape from the city.

You will remember, O Lover of Detailed Information, that I sent you several large-scale maps to identify my inquiring excursions in this remarkable country. To these I pray you refer. We crossed a small corner of the Province of Innovated Jersey; what my host describes as the Scottie Country, for indeed that section is greatly given to the breed and sale of Scottish terriers. In dogs—as in wine, sporting gear, dress clothes, literature, steamships, headwaiters, perfumery, lecturers, and all other luxuries—the Americans are distrustful of their own products. See on the map Hohokus, Saddle River, and Ramsey, all of which I thought attractive; and Ramsey placards itself as "the 3rd healthiest place in the U.S." I was eager to stop and inquire about the other two, and why, but my host was urging his car forward, anxious for more truly savage scenes. When near Sloatsburg, in the Hills of Ramapo, he saw a sign advertising overalls, he announced that we were really in the country. Where the Blue Jeans Begin, he added; a remark not worth repetition save that it reminds me of an interesting philology: the word *jean* (coarse blue cotton cloth, worn by the American coolies) is corrupted from the name Genoa. Now at a roadside counter we halted for Beer and Hamburgers; the latter are fried patties of triturated beef, augmented (unless you expressly veto) with onion. My host, who falls readily into casual conversation, asked Mrs. Wanamaker (who manages the stand) if she were related to the renowned mandarin of that name. "No," she said; "if we were maybe we wouldn't have to work so hard." . . . . My own acquaintance with the late Mr. Wanamaker was limited to the literary form invented by him, the Depart-

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ment Store Essay. These homiletic maxims (or minims), respectfully known as The Writings of The Founder, were in praise of piety, patriotism, and other encouragements of the bland, benign, and beautiful. Considered as opuscules of prose they were opaque in style but mercifully brief. . . . A study of our Chinese epigram-form known as the *stop-short* would be of great value to American writers. But it is amusing that every nation considers the others so unnecessarily verbose. . . .

Sentimentalists often deplore advertising along the highways. Not I. Often these notices are valuable glimpses of the national psychology. Admirable lyrics, and much in the sly humor of our own race, are those in honor of a shaving unguent; they are cunningly spaced on succeeding posts so that they may be comfortably read at about 50 miles per hour. They inculcate the virtues of prudence or æsthetics. I hoped my host would notice:—*Keep well to the right—Of the oncoming car—Get your close shaves—From the* 1-*pound jar;* and this, again indicative of the national delicacy toward women:—*If you think—She likes your bristles—Walk barefooted—through some thistles.* As this shaving cream comes from Burma it naturally has some of our Oriental subtlety.

I had supposed that the County of the Sullivans, of whose beauty I had heard, was chiefly Irish or Celtic. This however was not so, at any rate along Road Number 17. From the town of Goshen onward the instruction of Genesis 45, 10, has been taken seriously. Surely characteristic of American paradox was to find, in the heart of this inland region (in the town of Monticello) eating houses proclaiming "Chinese and Sea Food." So does this heteropathic nation always hanker for that which is difficult, different, or faraway. To be indigenous, here, is to be indigent . . . in Chicago, I remember, the most prosperous cafés are those which represent themselves to be London chophouses or Heidelberg beerhalls. . . . Of course the most creative artists are usually hybrid; our Chinese lethargy is probably due to inbreeding? The great advantage of America, from the point of view of humor and eventual artistic achievement, is the strong infusion of Irish and Jewish, whose nimble wit and excessive volatility prevent the dull Saxon temperament from subsiding into its customary stupor.

A slightly ferocious feeling is imparted to this pretty upland region by the frequent repetition of the word Kill in their names of place. The early settlers must have been a bloodthirsty lot: not only are cats killed in those mountains but beaver, deer, bear, and I dare say an occasional pedestrian. Thither also prizefighters usually retire for strengthening before their combats. Among the vacationists it is often difficult to distinguish sex, except where a Miss Western contour is unmistakable; for all wear stopshort breeches of extreme truncation, and are grilled roast-fowl-color by sun. This is well: to be incessantly reminded of the disparities of gender is stimulating for poets but it is incompatible with philosophy. . . .

We lunched at a clean little eating-house in the pleasant town of Roscoe, served by a lady called Kathryn who makes good pie. The menu said "An American Restaurant with Scotch Prices," which alarmed me as I had no Scotch money with me. . . .

Now we began to see country of sweet charm. We followed young waters of the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers, those magnificent streams of which the Province of Penn has made so much talk it is forgotten that their beauty begins in the Province of New York. (So is the true origin of reality often unremembered.) My host showed himself an imperfect citizen in that he turned off from the main ways and followed the lovely and unfrequented Road 79. This was at the bifurcation of Windsor where we paused at a replenishing station. These pumps of plenty, where Distance and Locomotion are miraculously distilled from tall bright-painted standpipes, are (as I have told you before) the true wayside shrines of the American folk; chapels of ease in their great religion of Let's Itinerate. In spite of modern mechanism and sanitation these places preserve some of the old kindliness of the livery stable, the inn, the crossroads store. On a chair in this gasoline sanctuary at Windsor the checkerboard was laid out, ready for play when a pause should occur in service. Checkers (my host explained), like the overalls noted earlier, is a sign of the real country.

Road 79, beautiful and sparse, brought us all the way to Ithaca. I will write more later.

This, O Student of Truth, from him whose inward notions are ever at thy command,

THE OLD MANDARIN.

Interpreting the Orient

(*Continued from page* 4)

tant piece of evidence in Carthaginian religion on the authority of a history of science written by two natural scientists. Even among the Orientalists of recognized standing his choice of sources is often totally misleading, as when we find Maspero's writings of a generation ago adduced to prove so important a conclusion as the Sumerian origin of Egyptian writing. It is very doubtful whether in his best days Maspero could have read a single sentence in Sumerian, and since his time our knowledge of Sumerian has been so developed that it is totally transformed and no one any longer believes that it had the slightest connection with the origin of Egyptian hieroglyphics. On the authority of Maspero, De Morgan, and Hall as sources, we are told that the potter's wheel "was not known in Egypt before the Fourth Dynasty," although the researches of first hand investigators like Reisner have demonstrated that it is older.

The invention of "movable type cast of metal" by the Chinese is discussed on the authority of an outline history of China, the authors of which have quoted what they have to say on this subject from the librarian of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, who would not presumably desire to appear as an authority on Chinese archeology. In this discussion, as well as in that of the invention of rag paper by the Chinese early in the Christian era, the works of Berthold Laufer would have been final and decisive, but they are not even mentioned in the author's general bibliography.

Bulletins in the daily press are of course very useful, but they cannot be employed as a final presentation of fact until the archeologist or other scientist involved has published some authoritative statement. We find that Mr. Durant's

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER IN HASTE *Garnett Weston* (Stokes: $2)	Rancho in Cal. scene of quartet of grisly killings solved by a lovable hobo who exits gracefully.	Author rings sinister changes on an old tune with plenitude of hair-raising measures, and nuptial chimes at end.	Excellent
THE HIDDEN DOOR *Arthur Gask* (Macaulay: $2.)	Eerie old castle: sinister nobleman: slick art-thieves: strange vanishings: shrieks—and Gilbert Larose, the garate detective.	When the bloated bodies began bobbing around in the subterranean cistern your squeamish old judge passed right out.	Grisly Gothic
A QUESTION OF PROOF *Nicholas Blake* (Harpers: $2.)	School pest strangled in haystack, with suspicion pointing at headmaster's wife and B. F. Nigel Stangeways drinks tea, solves crime.	The psychoanalysis in this begins to seem a bit dated, particularly in the denouement, but characters and writing are engaging.	Good

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report on the discovery and significance of the Pekin Man (*homo sinensis*) is based on the *New York Times*, whereas the scientific and final publication of the facts by the discoverers, the lamented Dr. Davidson Black and his associates, has been available for several years.

If the author's use of the sources of our knowledge of earliest prehistoric man had included the volumes of the Prehistoric Survey of the Oriental Institute (University of Chicago), the Pekin Man would not have been cited as the only evidence of human handiwork in the early Ice Age (Pleistocene). For reports of the Oriental Institute's Prehistoric Survey in Northeastern Africa, of which three volumes are in print, show clearly that flint tools and implements in that region are also to be dated from the early Ice Age. The correlation of prehistoric man in Asia and Africa is a subject on which our knowledge has been rapidly growing in the last few years. Dr. Durant has found quoted by Gordon Childe the statement of Schweinfurth, made many years ago, that the wild ancestors of our cultivated cereals have been found only in Asia, whereas we now know that they are also found in Africa in the highlands of Abyssinia. In such matters as these, exclusive use of old information is fatal.

Even if I had had the time to read carefully the 938 pages of text and discussion which the volume contains, there would obviously be no space in a review of this character to discuss all the various rubrics which the gifted author of this bulky work has included in his survey. I have, however, given somewhat fuller attention to the author's treatment of the history of science as he passed from civilization to civilization. On this subject the author has encountered even greater difficulties than we have found elsewhere in the book.

For the purpose of determining the state of scientific knowledge and advancement in the life of a particular people a general history of science is insufficient. The author employs such a history of science published over thirty years ago (1904) for some information about Egyptian astronomy, or even uses statements on this subject from Spencer's "Sociology!" Hence Dr. Durant affirms that the Egyptians prolonged their prehistoric year of 360 days by the addition of five more days, "bringing the year into harmony with the river [Nile] and *the sun*" (italics mine). The year of 365 days introduced by the Egyptians in 4236 B.C. and retained practically throughout their history was not a year which had anything to do with "the sun"; it was not a solar year measured by the sun's revolution, but it began at the annual reappearance of the dog-star Sirius. It is an important fact in the history of science that early peoples introduced a *stellar* year in the beginning and did not discover until far later the length of the *solar* year, which is, of course, different from that of the stellar year.

In the discussion of Babylonian astronomy the sources cited are Rawlinson, out of date a generation ago, Hermann Schneider, the German philosopher mentioned above, besides an anthropologist, and finally a history of science compiled by two natural scientists in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose work naturally is very remote from any knowledge of Babylonian science. The fundamental work of Kugler on Babylonian astronomy, the chief authority on the subject in spite of his errors, seems to have been entirely unknown to Dr. Durant.

It is, therefore, not surprising that the greatest astronomical achievements of Babylonia do not appear in this volume. There is no account of the extraordinary scientific work of the Chaldean astronomers of Babylon. There is no mention of the remarkable fact that we have their ancient original records continuing over a period of 360 years, constituting a series of observations which form the first great body of astronomical knowledge, unequalled in length even by the observations of modern astronomers. In the late fifth century B.C. the Chaldean astronomer Kidinnu, whom the Greeks called Kidenas, actually discerned the precession of the equinoxes and computed the length of the solar year within an error of only a few minutes. This splendid time table of the vast celestial clock, put together by these Chaldean astronomers, was the earliest great constructive piece of astronomical work. There was a grandeur in it which the mind of man had never achieved before. It is regrettable that such an achievement in science as this, an intellectual conquest, which profoundly affected Greek science also, should find no place in a survey of "Our Oriental Heritage."

The achievements of the Near East in time measurement were taken over by India, China, and Japan, where they still survive. But there is no reference to this fact in the volume under review. Astronomy was, of course, closely involved with mathematics. As customary with the students of the history of mathematics Dr. Durant attributes the invention of "place value" of the numerals to East Indian civilization, whereas it is now established that in computations on Babylonian cuneiform tablets, "place value" of the numeral 60 is certain.

As historical research advances it becomes more and more clear that the ancient Near East contributed essentially to the civilizations of the Far East, especially India and China. These results do not seem to have been followed by Dr. Durant. He refers to the earliest hospitals, as having been found in Ceylon as early as 427 B.C. If he had glanced at the introduction in the present writer's publication of the Edwin Smith Surgical Papyrus, he would have found there an inscription narrating the restoration of an older Egyptian hospital by Darius the Great in the early fifth century B.C. If he had noted the above mentioned historical introduction, he would not have made the remark that "probably this noblest . . . of the sciences [medicine] developed in contemporaneous contact . . . in Sumeria, Egypt, and India."

While the history of civilization finds many instructive analogous processes of developing human life among the civilizations of the Far East, especially India, China, and Japan, these civilizations were geographically too far distant to have contributed anything to the development of the ancestral cultures of the Near East which eventually mingled in a great current of advancing human life and brought through Europe the fundamental elements of the civilization which is now ours.

Dr. Durant's book is the product of literary gifts of distinction. Sections and chapters begin and end with discerning and analytical contemplations set forth in felicitous diction, sometimes bringing before us very picturesque and sagacious generalizations. His characterizations of works of art are sometimes very suggestive. Of the great Sphinx of Gizeh, he says, "It is a Mona Lisa in Stone." This is a discerning remark suggesting the inscrutability, the elusive mystery of the Sphinx. But while he catches glimpses of the truth like this, his work as a whole has necessarily been done with such haste that he fails to discover the fundamentals. Referring to the magnificent diorite statue of Khafre in the Museum at Cairo, he emphasizes the "sensitivity" of the great king's features, thus failing entirely to discern their essential quality,—the divine immobility of the pyramid builder's visage, which expresses the sculptor's conception of a great king exalted far above any betrayal of human feeling. Like early representations of gods and heroes in Greek sculpture, such portraiture discloses little or nothing of personal traits and human individuality. The author's discussion of Egyptian art, therefore, while aware of its greatness, rivalling if not surpassing that of the Greeks, fails to discern the fundamental element of progress eventually disclosed in the Egyptian portrait sculptor's ability for the first time in human history to discern individual traits and to embody them in stone. Egyptian portrait sculpture reveals to us the first men who had discovered character, the stamp of the human individual,—a discovery of four thousand years ago, whose significance we do not grasp until we realize that it eventually led to literary portraiture, and thus first made possible interpretative literature in great drama and great fiction.

James Henry Breasted, professor of Egyptology and Oriental history in the University of Chicago, director of the Haskell Oriental Museum, leader of numerous field expeditions and author of many books, is the most noted of American Egyptologists.

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The Woman's Side of War

A DIARY WITH REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR AND REFUGEE LIFE IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY 1860-1865. By Mrs. Cornelia McDonald. Annotated and supplemented by Hunter McDonald. Nashville, Tenn.: Cullom & Ghertner Co. 1935.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THIS interesting addition to Civil War memorabilia consists of a contemporary diary and later reminiscences, written from a characteristically Southern and feminine point of view. The McDonalds were substantial people living at Winchester, in the hotly disputed heart of the Shenandoah Valley, and, for two years, Mrs. McDonald saw the tide of war ebb and flow past the gates of "Hawthorn," as Winchester passed from Confederate hands to Federal ones and back again. Her husband and four stepsons were with the Confederate forces—she was left with two stepdaughters and seven younger children of her own to care for, as well as the responsibility of "Hawthorn" and its appurtenances. Her husband was captured and imprisoned, one stepson killed in action, and after Winchester had definitely passed into Federal hands, she and her children became refugees. Her husband was finally released but died in Richmond just before she reached him, and in October 1865, Mrs. McDonald and her children were almost literally starving in Lexington when help came to them. The reminiscences close with these words:

> And here ends the account of my trials; and though they were not at an end entirely, I was able in various ways to take care of my family till they were fitted to be of use to themselves; and when they were able to bear the burden they took it up manfully and acquitted themselves well.

That they did so is evident in the long genealogical appendix dealing with the McDonald family, which closes the book.

Had this been an actual day-to-day diary covering all four years as completely and vividly as it covers certain sections of the first two years of the war, it would rank high on any list of American diaries. For, while Mrs. McDonald writes in the style and with the prejudices of her period, her strong personality and her gift for vivid reporting of conversations are continually breaking through the literary conventions of her time. She has an eye for small salient detail and she paints, unconsciously, a very excellent picture of herself, her children, her husband, and various others, from Union Generals to fellow-passengers on canal-boats. Her point of view is, naturally, entirely "unreconstructed." Abraham Lincoln is an ignorant rail-splitter and the Yankees, in general, "creatures" and "insolent enemies." She recognizes kindness from and shows occasional kindness to individual Yankees—but that is another matter. It does not alter her principles, though she will bow to the fleeing Milroy as he escapes from Winchester. "I really did, at the time, feel for his misfortunes, though I would not have averted them." Perhaps no more feminine remark was ever made. It gives us a little of Mrs. McDonald's quality. And so does her sorrow for a fine tree cut down, and her courageous care of her children. There is a very real woman in this book—and it shows, unforgettably, the woman's side of war, in its bitterness, its partisanship, and its devotion.

The volume is handsomely made, well-illustrated, and excellently and clearly annotated. One could wish that all family reminiscences could be treated with such intelligent care. There is a map of the Shenandoah Valley and seven appendices of which four deal with the alleged ill-treatment of Colonel McDonald by General Hunter and Colonel Strother.

This is a book which will interest any student of human nature as well as any student of the Civil War. It goes with Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's reminiscences and the "Diary of a Georgia Girl," though it treats of a different scene of action from either.

Stephen Vincent Benét comes by his interest in Civil War literature not only because of his studies for "John Brown's Body" but also by virtue of Southern ancestry.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
WHITE ORCHIDS *Grace Livingston Hill* (Lippincott: $2.)	Love Story	Our heroine's attracted terribly, but the young man's besmirched with too much of the filthy.	Maple-walnut whip
SWEETWATER RANCH *Harold Bindloss* (Stokes: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Strife in the Canadian Northwest with smugglers and everything.	Okay
HEART APPEAL *Maysie Grieg* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love Story	She put loads of heart-appeal into her ad copy but personally there was no sale.	Cute
THE SLEEPING CHILD *Alice Grant Rosman* (Minton, Balch: $2.)	Novel	Her guardians thought she was reared in ignorance of the tragedy of her parents. She clowned to preserve the illusion.	Feminine Favorite

Advice to Americans

AMERICA'S DESTINY. By C. Reinold Noyes. New York: Whittlesey House. 1935. $1.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST G. DRAPER

THIS is a disturbing book for conventional citizens. It attacks too many principles, hallowed by time, that most of us had believed invulnerable. Briefly stated, the author's thesis is that America's way to achieve her destiny is not the way of the Old World. Their civilization has reached its crest and is dying. Ours is still in its infancy and growing. America should throw off her shackles of inferiority.

There is nothing so startlingly new about this. But, so far as I know, the attempt to prove it has never proceeded along such original lines as those adopted by Mr. Noyes. It is difficult to summarize in a few words how this proof is presented. You should read the book, which is only 203 pages in length and flows so easily that it appears to be little more than an extended essay. However, I cannot refrain from mentioning the gist of one chapter entitled "Conspectus Mundi." The argument is that the strength of a nation lies in the ratio of its population to its natural resources. If this ratio is low, the nation may look to the future with confidence. If the opposite is true, its decline is inevitable. Then follows a thread of reasoning and a massing of statistics that are both fascinating and convincing.

When Mr. Noyes comes to that part of his book which is largely advice to Americans, he does not seem to be on so firm a footing. In some of this advice is a generous hint of flag waving and doctrine that would have sounded well in the 1920s but is a trifle out-dated now. For instance, many of us, including Mr. Noyes, are fond of repeating that in America the standard of living has advanced to a point beyond the dreams of avarice as compared with that in any other country. But few of us care to dwell on the fact that 75% of all families here—families, not individuals—receive as total income less than $2,500 per year. There is, too, the problem of the chiseler which still has to be met in some more efficient fashion than by just ignoring it. Both Mr. Noyes and Walter Lippmann seem to feel that with proper reflation the problem will solve itself. "You never heard of chiseling in 1929"—they both imply. And yet, I recall dozens of articles on profitless prosperity even in those so-called halcyon days. Finally, there is the haunting query of what we mean when we call a nation great. Some three thousand years ago, in an area somewhat smaller than the state of Rhode Island, there existed a state in which six of its citizens achieved the top, each in his chosen profession. They still stand at the top today. We might do well to think of them when we dream of a great America.

It would be unfair to the author to imply that he believes otherwise. All he is attempting to show is that America has still within her the seeds that lead to a growing rather than to a dying nation. If we fail, it will not be the fault of such prophets as Mr. Noyes, who has outlined the problem with precision and clarity.

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Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DeLancey Ferguson

JOSEPH CONRAD has been discovered by the source-hunters. In *Modern Language Notes* for June Miriam Hatheway Wood writes of "A Source of Conrad's *Suspense*," showing that Conrad incorporated in his unfinished novel an authentic anecdote of Napoleon and a number of other details which he found in the Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne. In the same journal the present writer reprints a version of the original anecdote on which Conrad built the amusing story of "The Duel." In extenuation both writers may plead that their material really sheds some light on Conrad's methods as an artist.

Many lovers of Samuel Pepys will be shocked to learn that no completely accurate transcription of the Diary has ever been published. We all knew that even Wheatley's edition was expurgated, but we assumed that what was printed was correct. In *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology* for April William Matthews declares that Edwin Chappell's transcription in "Shorthand Letters of Samuel Pepys" "is well done, and . . . has the distinction of being the only scholarly Pepysian transcription yet printed." In editing the Diary, Mynors Bright copied Lord Braybrooke's text, making fresh transcripts only of the parts which Braybrooke omitted. Wheatley in turn copied Bright. Now at last, after more than a century of squeamishness and laziness, a complete fresh transcript has been made, and an unexpurgated edition is preparing.

In the same issue, James Routh's "Do Women Writers Use More Words per Idea than Men?" asks a question but fails to answer it conclusively. The article is another of the perennial attempts to apply statistical methods to art. Mr. Routh analyzes the prose of forty-nine authors by counting the fully stressed words, and concludes:

> Among living men, fourteen out of twenty-three, or sixty-one per cent, use a strong style. Among living women six out of seventeen, or thirty-five per cent, use a strong style.
>
> Among men of an older generation only a few use a strong style. Therefore men are changing from the old and verbose style of the classics more rapidly than women.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 67)

THOMAS HARDY—
"GEORGE MEREDITH"

He spoke as one afoot will wind
A morning horn ere men awake;
His note was trenchant, turning kind. . . .
He was of those whose wit can shake
And riddle to the very core
The counterfeits that Time will break.

"Most Powerful . . ."

The author of *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre* confirms his brilliant position in American letters with these seventeen new stories. His most mature work to date, this volume is being enthusiastically welcomed by an ever-increasing audience. It is Erskine Caldwell's fastest-selling book, and, according to Harold Strauss in the *N. Y. Times*, it is, ". . . Erskine Caldwell's most powerful work . . ." $2.50

KNEEL TO THE RISING SUN

by Erskine Caldwell

●

Dream—and Reality

Shvambrania was discovered in their own imaginations by two Russian boys, brothers, who took refuge in it from the drab reality of the everyday world. In Shvambrania, wars were glorious and bloodless adventures, justice always triumphed. Then came the Revolution of 1917 and a new, exciting world called to them. These naive memoirs reflect clearly the impact on growing minds of the most significant social change of our time. $2.00

The Land of SHVAMBRANIA

by Leo Kassil

Distinguished Teller—
Distinguished Tales . . .

Arnold Zweig, creator of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, has long been known in Europe, not only as a superb novelist, but also as a master of the short story. These tales of simple men and women, the anonymous populace, although wrought with a light and delicate touch are significant comments on contemporary European life. $2.50

PLAYTHINGS OF TIME

by Arnold Zweig

VIKING PRESS
18 E. 48th St.
New York

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The New Books

Fiction

FOUR ROADS TO DEATH. By Benjamin Appel. Knopf. 1935. $2.

Mr. Appel has written a brilliant and highly artificial story of an imaginary expedition into the great deserts of Central Asia.

It is a story of greed and self-exploitation from beginning to end, but of a greed that through a curious flaw in Mr. Appel's method has little root in the characters that succumb to it, and whose deeper implications are either lost or fumbled. The desperate, driven creatures who reel and stumble through his pages poisoned by their own primitive appetites have little to do with life and still less, one may suppose, with the desert of Mr. Appel's creation. They are phantoms, one and all, hard-boiled to be sure, but lost forever and forever wandering in the strange, mirage-like quality of these pages.

The opening chapter of this book has a transfiguring liveliness and entertainment. Mr. Appel makes an impressive case for the folly and exhibitionism that underlie a good many highly advertised attempts to sell the wilderness to the home-folks. Here, in its own home setting, within the confines of the city built in the image of a thousand pathological success stories, Mr. Appel might have picked his way thoughtfully through the trumpery and ineptitudes of the Jensen-Enbright Asiatic expedition to a complete realization of its human background. But he must follow them into the wilderness and lose them there, not so much the victims of their own dehumanized folly as of his own brittle extravagance.

E. L.

THE FARM AT PARANAO. By Laurence Kirk. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.

Although it is billed as a psychological horror story like the author's previous "Whispering Tongues," this reviewer found Mr. Kirk's new book predominantly a shrewd and amusing light novel of character. The author works hard to build up the suspense; and when Fanny, the Jane Austenesque girl from the small English town, goes out to South America to marry the mysterious Keith Buchanan, one expects an immediate disaster. Some readers may think that the result does justify the suspense. This reader did not; even the later excitement, which comes at the very end, seemed a slight anticlimax after all the preparation.

But the point is that, anyhow, "The Farm at Paranao" is a very readable and entertaining novel. It contains some excellent caricatures of typical English tourists; Fanny, the heroine, is independent and engaging; and Keith, her fiancé on the Brazilian farm, of whom we know so little for so long, turns out to be an interesting surprise. Altogether it's a highly superior time-killer.

G. S.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY. By Sheila Fitzgerald. Harpers. 1935. $2.

A feud between two families is dramatized in this clever first novel and is particularly enhanced by a Hungarian setting. The story moves rather slowly, at first, through the childhood misadventures of the wilful and beautiful Margit Horvath and the three young Ehrenfelds, but it soon gathers speed and plunges rapidly into Paul Ehrenfeld's tragic infatuation for Margit and his tubercular brother Bela's amorous escapades. This English author seems to have a lively sympathy for the Hungarian temperament. She adroitly skims the surface of the many personalities involved in her scheme of hatred and love, and her characterizations, though superficial, are very graphic.

The book is written with verve and abandon. The gay feasts and sensuous love-making in luxurious surroundings make intoxicating reading. But the Danube-severed beauties of Budapest and the fertile charms of the Ehrenfelds' rich country estate are so enchanting that they actually distract one's attention from the tragic implications of the plot. The book has the quality of light opera—fascinating but immaterial. After a while the rose-tinted, bourgeois atmosphere becomes a trifle cloying and it is surprisingly easy to lay this attractive novel to one side.

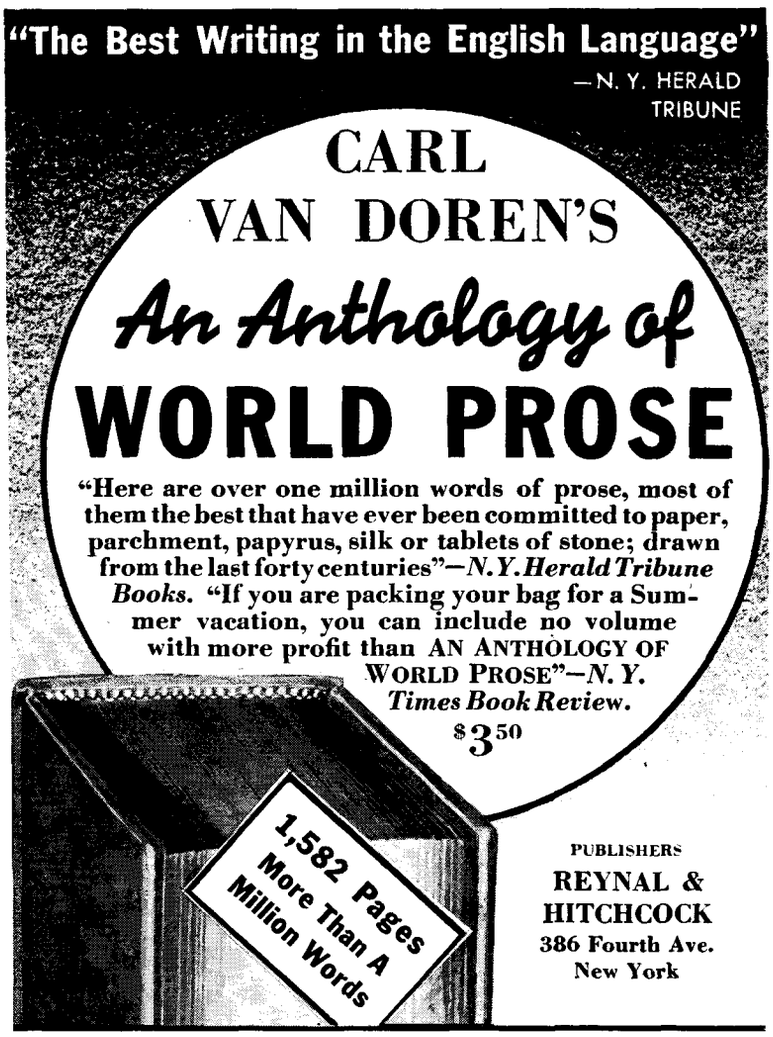
D. P.

Miscellaneous

SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME. By Otto Kiefer. Dutton. 1935. $5.

MEN AND WOMEN. By Magnus Hirschfeld. Putnams. 1935. $4.

Many, many books have been written on *the* cause of the fall of the Roman Empire. In "Sexual Life in Ancient Rome," Mr. Kiefer asserts "that true Christian ideals cannot be allied to a mighty power like the Roman Empire, and that they did in fact play their part in undermining that structure from within and eventually causing its disintegration." Taking the sexual life as presenting the best and fullest picture of the "drives" that characterized the ancient Romans, he finds it compounded of sadism and sensuality. Sadism was inherent in the attitudes, ideas, and institutions of Rome, and Mr. Kiefer stresses its role in education, in the leisure activities, and in the insatiable cruelty of the mob. Sensuality, Mr. Kiefer's other component, he finds reflected in their love poetry, their institutions of marriage, concubinage, and prostitution, and in their religious and philosophic speculations. Whether expressed heterosexually or homosexually Mr. Kiefer feels that sensuality is a base product. In their love the Romans rose no higher than the physical act. Neither the mind nor the "soul" was involved. But there was no degeneration. Their sadism and sensuality were a constant and integral part of the Roman ethos to be found in the early days as well as during the Empire. It was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Christianity that brought disintegration. "It would seem to be true that the Romans changed their attitude to love, marriage, and sexual life as the conditions of their world changed—the man who has found in Jesus's teachings a new attitude to life and humanity learns new opinions and new values in love also; and that change is far from degeneration."

A brief conclusion at the end of the book presents a mystically phrased plea. Mr. Kiefer believes that there are certain parallels between our civilization and Roman. He is not a preacher who finds us fallen on evil days; he is a special pleader who would have us turn from the values we hold to those phrased so simply by Jesus. This high purposive tone pervades the book. Mr. Kiefer also makes free use of "obvious laws" and "natural assumptions" which to the reviewer are far from such.

Magnus Hirschfeld in "Men and Women" describes a journey he made around the world some years ago. He pictures the fair cities he visited and the fine hotels where he stopped. He lists the people he met and the places of beauty he beheld. As founder of the Institute of Sexology in Berlin, he was also professionally interested in red light districts, prostitutes, and homosexuals, and touches briefly and casually on those marriage and social institutions that differ from ours.

J. M.

A HANDBOOK OF FIST PUPPETS. By Bessie A. Ficklen. Stokes. 1935. $2.75.

Guignol at last has a champion in America, a discerning and delightful champion in the person of Bessie Alexander Ficklen. With all due regard for the graceful limbs and magic strings of the marionette, here is an open preference for the more vital, more dramatic hand puppet. What surprising life, what amazing intimacy, what an immediate appeal has that simple old *Punch* who neither teaches nor preaches but whose drama outlives every moral and magnificent marionette that was ever contrived!

"The fist puppet's greatest asset," Mrs. Ficklen claims, "is his *direct action.* His movements are firm, purposeful, accurate, and effortless." George Sand, she continues, greatly preferred the fist puppet to the string-controlled marionette. "She delighted in the fact that her hand was in its body, and its soul was her soul, and she and the puppet absolutely one."

Mrs. Ficklen cites other illustrious devotees of hand puppets, but her own love of Guignol dates from her nursery days. She grew up playing with fist puppets and she has a sure and easy familiarity with their technique and with their Puckish ways. She offers a dozen tempting descriptions of how to make and manipulate them. If you have—or if you haven't—any ingenuity, just read her pleasant chapters on heads, arms, costumes, or booths—and set to work on a puppet play. No home or school, it seems, need be without one.

Certainly for younger children the fist puppets are easier to work than the string-controlled marionettes. And for audiences, young and old, the quick humor and direct pathos of these hand puppets are little less than a miracle of the drama.

H. H. J.

Philosophy

THE FATE OF MAN IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Nicholas Berdyaev. Morehouse Publishing Co. 1935. $1.25.

Published immediately after the author's "Freedom and Spirit" this little book is a great disappointment, not because of its brevity but because it is by comparison with the latter of little consequence and needlessly repetitious. The book is really a footnote to Berdyaev's interpretation of modern history as fully developed in "The End of Our Time." The footnote is added chiefly to interpret fascism and Naziism as symptoms of decay, with communism, of modern civilization. Berdyaev regards this decadence as due to the dissolution of the humanism which had its rise in the Renaissance and which found itself unable to maintain itself without the supporting faith of Christianity. Modern man substituted faith in man for faith in God. The anarchy of modern technical civilization robs man of faith in himself. He tries to save his life from meaninglessness by setting up the state, the race, and the nation as objects of worship; but this sacrifices the dignity of the human spirit. Berdyaev pleads for a Christianity which will again weld theism and humanism together. He is therefore equally opposed to non-religious humanism and to the Barthian theology which destroys the humanistic element in Christian theism.

Berdyaev claims to see signs of the return of the type of faith which he desires but he adduces no evidence of its revival.

R. N.

Patrick Balfour saw this sign on a sandwich man in London. The result was an unusual record of travel to the Far East.

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Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE WATER GYPSIES. By A. P. Herbert. *Doubleday, Doran.*

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE. By H. M. Tomlinson. *Harpers.*

ENGLAND, THE UNKNOWN ISLE. By Paul Cohen-Portheim. *Dutton.*

Some Detective Stories

L. A. of Chicago, Ill., *is evidently planning a detective story reading campaign and he wants books of the sort that are scientific and devoted to the unravelling of mysteries rather than to side issues. He seems to have a leaning toward Scotland Yard, and wants volumes with great detectives like Sherlock Holmes.*

ALAS and alack, there is only one Sherlock Holmes and all others of his profession who have followed since are puny in comparison with that giant of the mystery tale. But if L. A. really wants to address himself to literature of the kind he still will find plenty to read which even if not up to the standard of the immortal Sherlock is nevertheless excellent entertainment. Besides seeking out more recent works he would do well to turn back to those masters of detective fiction, Poe and Gaboriau, and to read, too, Wilkie Collins's THE MOONSTONE and THE WOMAN IN WHITE (both of them come in inexpensive editions issued by the Oxford University Press). Another excellent book for him to gather in is THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME (Harcourt, Brace), by Dorothy Sayers, and while he's about it he might as well get THE SECOND OMNIBUS OF CRIME also. Willard Huntington Wright has edited a collection entitled THE GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES (Scribners) which would also serve as a convenient means of making the acquaintance of some of the better known detectives.

Among these gentlemen of the sleuthing profession one who many years ago won a wide public and who not long since made another appearance was Mr. Ebenezer Gryce, he, who never looking direct at a person or object, always sees everything that is necessary to observe about it. It is said that Anna Katherine Green wrote THE LEAVENWORTH CASE (Putnam) in which he first appeared to disprove the statement that a woman could never write a good detective story. She gave the lie to that statement triumphantly, and her sex has continued not only to be prolific writers of the mystery tale, but highly popular ones. Indeed some of the most successful detective novels of recent years have been the work of women, as L. A. will discover if he reads such stories as Mary Roberts Rinehart's THE MAN IN LOWER TEN and THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE (both Grosset & Dunlap), Agatha Christie's THE MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD (whose agile, bewigged M. Poiret with his English interlarded with French idiom is one of the detectives who reappear regularly in his creator's works), Mignon Eberhart's THE PATIENT IN ROOM 18 (Doubleday, Doran), and the long list of excellent stories by Dorothy Sayers which includes among the latest the delightful THE NINE TAILORS (Harcourt, Brace).

If L. A. wants particularly scientific tales which are original and sustainedly interesting, and which have a detective who figures in one after the other of them, he can do no better than to read R. Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke tales (Dodd, Mead). The books of S. S. Van Dine (Scribners) have been extremely successful, and, in a story as good as THE CANARY MURDER CASE, deservedly so. Mr. Van Dine, who is no other than the Willard Huntington Wright who collected THE GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES I mentioned before, has an irritating habit of embroidering his story with erudition, and his amateur detective, Philo Vance, sometimes becomes intolerable by reason of his desire to display his learning. Still the stories are among the more notable of recent years. I mustn't forget either, even in a brief summary like the foregoing, to mention the works of Freeman Wills Crofts, H. C. Bailey, and R. A. J. Walling. There are any number of others which might just as well be noted, but I'll leave them for some future day when it isn't so hot that I'm anxious to get back to the comfort of an easy chair, a breeze from the river, and the latest unopened detective story on my table. But one more postscript before I stop. L. A. should read G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown stories and when he wants a particular evening of delight A. A. Milne's THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY (Dutton). Which reminds me that Roy Octavus Cohen's THE CRIMSON ALIBI (Dodd, Mead), is a grand story. But if anybody suggests Edgar Wallace I'm agin him.

More Information

From Carroll R. Williams, Jr., of Baltimore, Md., comes the following letter full of information:

I have read with interest your suggestions to R. M. B. concerning the literature of weather.

Since R. M. B. seems to have an interest similar to mine, except that his includes teaching, it is possible that he might find instructive or enjoyable some of the publications that I have come in contact with.

First, there is William Ferrel's "A Popular Treatise on the Winds" (John Wiley & Sons, 1898), which is one of the great granddaddies. In spite of its name it is scarcely "popular" in the modern sense, for the author goes to the root of things and develops the physical and mathematical formulae involved in the circulation of the atmosphere.

A standard work is "Meteorology," by W. I. Milham (Macmillan), a textbook which covers the subject with economy and clarity and includes chapters on weather bureaus and forecasting, in addition to descriptions and discussions of instruments, principles, and phenomena.

With the recent expansion of commercial aviation a number of books have appeared which are oriented to aeronautics, some of which include discussions of comparatively new theories and concepts, "air masses," for example.

In the welter of politics, economics, and the New Deal the really fine work being done by such government agencies as the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Hydrographic Office, and the Weather Bureau is often overlooked and their valuable (but inexpensive) publications neglected. The U. S. Weather Bureau publishes a number of periodicals and special documents (in addition to the daily weather maps). "A list of these publications may be had by application to the 'Chief, U. S. Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.'" I can highly recommend the *Monthly Weather Review* as a fascinating periodical, containing charts, tables, and miscellaneous data in addition to numerous articles reporting local and general phenomena, in which the meteorologists discuss their work, problems, and theories in a manner that, while often technical, is extremely stimulating if one is interested in the "cause of rainfall, prevailing winds, climate, cyclones, tornadoes, etc." The annual subscription is $1.50. Publication is about three months later than the nominal date.

All of the books I have mentioned contain bibliographies and the *Review* each month gives a rather complete list of current publications.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HENRY HARRISON, the indefatigable poetry publisher at 430 Sixth Avenue, sends up three recent offerings. They are "The Golden Trove," by *Francis Potter Daniels,* "Trumpet Call," by *Grace French Smith,* and "Luminous Token," by *Bertha Williams.* To these Mr. Harrison adds an anthology edited by himself called "A Poetry Concert."

The first-mentioned book is slightly better than the second, though I regret to say that both are pretty bad. Miss Williams is more of a poet than either, and that's about all one can say for her. "A Poetry Concert" is chiefly out of key. As an example of unconscious humor I recommend in it "Custer's Last Stand." What is the use of perpetuating such stuff?

A valuable textbook, a large anthology which is designed to supplement a former volume, "English Prose of the Eighteenth Century," is "English Poetry of the Eighteenth Century," edited by *Cecil A. Moore* of the University of Minnesota. This is a big, thick, and heavy book and contains abundant extracts. You have a little of everything, from *Matthew Prior* to *George Crabbe.* There are generous introductions to each writer. You have poets as widely different, of course, as *Pope* and *Burns*—for while the eighteenth century suggests to us always the highly-mannered and formalized, it is to be remembered that the age could also boast one of the freest natural singers that ever lived and wrote poetry, *viz:* Robert Burns.

Russian poetry is less familiar to us than the Russian novel, therefore you will probably be interested to know that *Oliver Elton* has translated verse from *Pushkin* and others, and that *Edward Arnold* has published the book in London whence Longmans, Green & Company, this city, imports it. I must admit that Russian poetry leaves me rather cold and that translation of this type seems a singularly dry proceeding. When I read

With tears and merriment and pain
My rivulets of rhyme resound
Here at thy feet.
Each rhyme runs fleet
And weaves a living linkèd chain,
Forgetting its own bank and bound.

I don't care who wrote it or who translated it, it is simply mighty poor verse, the kind of thing you could write with your left hand while taking a nap. When I read "The snow still whitens on the lea," I am reminded that that kind of writing went out practically before I was born. You can't use an expression like that nowadays and get away with it. As for the stories told of Czars and Popes and Workmen, most of these fables are dull.

From Santa Ana Junior College, Santa Ana, California, comes the eighth volume of the California Intercollegiate Anthology of Verse, which appears yearly. This is called "First the Blade." There's little in it that waylays the reader, and yet, on the whole, I prefer it to the Russian poetry. A patriotic effort is *Lois F. Boyle's* editing of an anthology of Texas poetry, "Texas Legacy" (The Naylor Company, San Antonio). *Verb. sap.*

Dorothy Quick, whose "Changing Winds" is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is a pleasant writer who has been laboring in the vineyard for some years. She expresses herself both seriously and humorously. But, alas; her work mainly lacks distinction of expression. There are two books here by *Antoinette Scudder.* Mr. Harrison, above referred to, has published her "East End, West End," and the Chicago Bookfellows have brought out her poetic drama, "The Henchman of the Moon." The first is to me the more interesting, though *Bernard Palissy's* famous story makes a rather good plot for a poetic play. The narratives of "East End, West End" are of our day; and for the first time this afternoon (which is a very hot one) I find a book of verse I can read without a mild feeling of nausea—except for that eighteenth century poetry. It's somewhat prosy, but it's such a lot better than the other little books, that by contrast it seems quite glamorous. Miss Scudder tells what goes on in the little grey houses of a motorists' camp. She has gathered together some odd and tragic people and doesn't narrate their stories badly. I think, however, that she might do more forceful work if she wrote simply in prose.

Jay G. Sigmund, an Iowan, is vice-president of a large insurance company in Cedar Rapids. Gradually his poetry has made

"The lions in front of the Art Institute looked more like Lord Palmerston than ever"

writes CHRISTOPHER MORLEY *in*

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its way, because of its genuineness. "Burr-oak and Sumac" is number one of the Cornell College Chapbooks published by the English Club of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, the series being edited by *Clyde Tull*. This is an attractive paper-bound brochure, and its contents is alive, for Mr. Sigmund writes of the ridgeroad folk he knows. "Sea Gulls Follow a Plow" is a refreshing poem. The following sonnet illustrates Mr. Sigmund's merits:

RIVER DRAMA

The first few pintails scan the bayou shore
To see if ancient enemies are crouched
Within the cat-tail blinds . . . they dip once more
Beyond the rushy swale where now is couched
On drying grass the driftwood which will soon
Provide a fire for the nights of Fall,
When lean hounds on their chains berate a moon,
Hung high and white and casual over all.

The blue smoke of an early shot reveals
How false the refuge which these nervous wings
Will find along my river; daybreak steals
Among the birches . . . now the red dawn swings
Across the bent sky as the loud guns hail
Their leaden shower and the strong quills fail.

Literate and sometimes delicately done are the poems in *Helen Frith Stickney's* "Prelude to Winter" (Banner Press, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia). This book was one of three prize-winning entries in the national poetry contest conducted in 1933 by *Versecraft*. *Flora Brent Hamilton* died in that same year, and, being a student of the sonnet, left behind her both a brief essay on "Sonnet-Outlines" and a series of sonnets of her own. Bruce Humphries of Boston publishes her book. There are sonnets both in English and French, and there are translations.

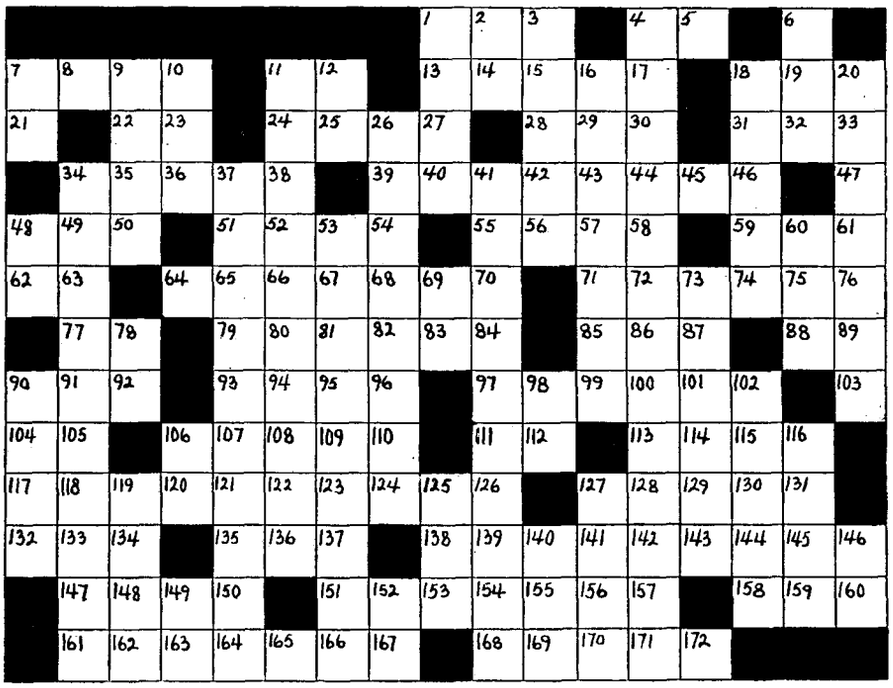
From such quiet and classical matters we are projected into *John Houghton Allen's* "Song of Randado," poems from the Kaleidograph Press of Dallas, Texas. *Kenneth C. Kaufman, J. Frank Dobie* and *Stanley Vestal* have praised this heartiness. Here is, truly, cloth of gold of romance:

We shall lie down, as the hot sands cool
And the yucca is a black ghost by night;
We shall lie down, our heads on our saddles,
In the camp of the Forty Moons, to rise
And ride where the purple morning-glories are.
Through the white arch, from the smell of sage,
Down the cobbled streets, all old and precious,
By the winding white walls to a hidden door,
By adobe walls to forgotten loves.

These few and fierce songs and ejaculations are impossible to classify, but the vaquero spirit in them is real. Their turbulent words are untamed but convey an atmosphere extraordinarily well. The little book has many technical faults, but it also has a genuine singing quality, a swagger, and the impress of a personality.

Double-Crostics: No 68

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find by reading (from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. To act irresolutely (colloq.). — 76 136 111 45 149 12 146 159 132 57 62 17

II. Russian dramatist, novelist (1860-1904.) — 143 37 101 79 72 77 39

III. Greek letter. — 125 4 51 41 25 48 104

IV. Double-dealing (comp., colloq.). — 158 107 114 18 28 31 165 105

V. Novel by Disraeli. — 14 171 133 153 169 144 30

VI. Making excessive distinctions. — 83 141 61 20 122 74 113 35 135 22 6 86 127

VII. Intricate pattern. — 85 3 108 151 160 123 68 15 137

VIII. Clearings; crevices. — 109 81 1 55 13

IX. Severe trial. — 8 166 106 121 90 53

X. Ridiculed in writing. — 7 56 11 117 154 139 29 63 87

XI. Owner of man-eating horses (myth.) — 134 19 32 49 5 164 156 71

XII. Astringent substance. — 84 42 91 65 124 155

XIII. Carpenter's tool. — 60 98 115 172 150 94

XIV. Became manifest. — 21 99 75 145 116 170 16

XV. More indistinct. — 168 67 131 140 58 118

XVI. Tribe defeated by David. — 148 27 96 2 80 89 66 162 47

XVII. Absolute, complete. — 69 147 92 50 161

XVIII. More tidy. — 142 54 64 24 152 34

XIX. One gigantic in size or power. — 44 95 38 163 126

XX. Tale based on history. — 102 70 88 129 33 52

XXI. Attractive. — 10 43 82 73 36 26 112 93

XXII. Gilbert & Sullivan fans. — 157 130 9 119 46 40 138 97 167

XXIII. Prohibition violator. — 100 120 23 78 110 128 103 59

WORDS

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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THE LADY OF SHALOTT, tiring of gloomy tower, will risk glance from window. Who will be Sir Launcelot? Box 623, Williamsport, Penna.

MEG. Write again to fellow state citizen. Give address.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE spoke some time ago about our favorite names for bookshops. Mr. Philip Duschnes has an admirable suggestion—*The Nessus Bookshop,* with the motto "I can't lose my shirt." ☞A correspondent who has been travelling Upstate New York reports seeing two Corner Bookstores on two successive days—Grover C. Barnum's in Ithaca, well-known to the literary students of Cornell, and the Corner Bookstore in Oneonta. ☞Mr. Eddie Ziegler of Doubleday Doran, back from Chicago, says that Mistletoe Sloe Gin, much esteemed in those parts, is as smooth as it sounds. ☞Old Quercus, who once knew his way around Hoboken, the Last Seacoast of Bohemia, was delighted to hear that Mr. Joe Samperi has taken over the management of the famous ancient German Club on Hudson Street—the immortal old Teuton bürgerschaft of the New Jersey Rhineland, still decorated in the style of Prince Henry of Prussia and the Norddeutscherlloyd and the Hanseatic League, with a crystal chandelier and red plush chairs in the ladies' room,—and drinking steins deep enough to park Father Brown's umbrella—and is now (Mr. Samperi) operating same as a public house. ☞Those who have lost faith in all other forms of consolation and hilarity may well cross the river by ferry some hot night and visit the Union Club—as it came to be called after the War Frenzy.

☞By the death of Oliver Herford we lose one of the most genuine wits of our time. Our time, if one may call it so, has not always deserved or been able to understand much of the true quicksilver. Oliver had it. May we quote his

EVE

It is not fair to visit all
The blame on Eve for Adam's fall;
The most Eve did, was to display
Contributory negligée.

☞The Book Society of London has chosen the late T. E. Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* as its volume for August. ☞Charles P. Everitt of 45 West 47 says that Eliza Greatore's views of Old New York at ½ dozen for $1 is the greatest bargain in that field he has ever offered. ☞Donald Gordon of the American News Company lists Charles G. Finney's *The Circus of Dr. Lao* with 3 question-marks (???) and says "Probably the most curious book of fiction we've ever seen." ☞Old Quercus, never shocked, agitated or undone, enjoyed it greatly, crying cuckoo in a melodious falsetto. ☞Do publishers ever read their books? Rereading Conrad's *The Shadow Line* we wondered how on earth it could be published without a map of the Gulf of Siam—the book can't be read intelligently without referring to the atlas and checking up latitude 8° 20'. ☞Old Querk is peevish this evening. ☞We don't hear often enough what the book world is doing in New Orleans; pleased therefore to get a catalogue from The Pelican Gallery of 723 Toulouse Street, N. O. ☞Pelican lists a volume of poems by John Freeman (1921) whose little known work came right home to our requirements: a poet of sure salt and sinew. ☞Glad to receive a Vineyard Report from Frank Schoonmaker on this year's prospects in Burgundy. He had the good sense to write from the Hotel d'Europe et d'Angleterre in Macon, which we visited years ago. It's a good place to eat and drink; but Frank is swanking when he says it's "one of the three best of France." ☞When people of taste really discover one of the three best, or one of any number of best, they don't spoil it by mentioning it.

☞Quercus, constantly looking forward to the forthcoming *Modern American Usage* by Herbert W. Horwill, finds his appetite whetted by an occasional quote from the book distributed by the Oxford Press's publicity department. This one, for instance:

> *Cake.* If an Eng. visitor to Am. asks for *cakes,* he is likely to be offered something very different from what he wants. *Cake* in Am. is very much the same as in Eng., but the plural form is reserved for a small portion of batter fried on a griddle—a kind of pancake—commonly of buckwheat. One may compare the Am. usage with the familiar appelation of Scotland as "the land of cakes," i.e. not sweetened or fancy confectionery but oatcakes. . . .

We commend this definition to the management of Childs, as one of those instructive little items they print on the backs of the menus.

☞A lady in La Jolla, California, writes:

"I have a large living room with a fireplace, a gorgeous view of the sea, another of the mountains that just breathes peace, a patio with flowers where lots of birds come to drink and bathe.

"In this room I want to serve tea, giving lonely people a legitimate excuse to gather and where also if they wish they can rent magazines and books and sit there and read if they so desire.

"I want a list of my books typed or printed and sent to all the sick so that they may choose the books and have them delivered and collected. Having been a shut-in myself I know how disappointing it can be to send a nurse, friend or even the family, to choose books.

"There is a good public library here and two lending libraries where one can get just books but I want to carry the book that is different. Books such as *The Master of the Inn, Good-by Mr. Chips, All Passion Spent,* the delightful *Adventures* of Mr. Grayson's, the *Puppets* of Mr. Wilkinson's, *The Luck of the Road,* etc.

"Outside of making the little venture pay for itself finance does not have to enter the picture but my life is so full of joy I would love to pass a bit of it on.

"Can anyone suggest some other books that belong in the *treasure* class? I should be so grateful."

M. B. W.

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